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GREAT PROGRESS ALREADY MADE ON PANAMA CANAL

DR. A. DE CLAIRMONT, ex-consul of Peru for Ohio, has just returned from South America. The doctor was a passenger on the ill fated U. S. steamer Colon from New York city, which encountered one of the most terrific cyclones ever seen on the Atlantic ocean.

September 13 his traveling barometer began to fall rapidly and within a few hours had fallen one inch. Before ten hours had passed the barometer fell two and one-tenth inches, which is the greatest fall ever recorded within ten hours.

The steamer entered into the center of a hurricane estimated by officers to be traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The steamer remained in the path of the hurricane until late that night, when a sudden calm occurred and the captain sent word to the passengers, huddled together in the music and smoking rooms, that all danger was over. Hardly had fifteen minutes passed, when the steamer again passed into the path of a hurricane and then things began to happen.

Within a few hours the funnel was washed overboard, three boats swept off the davitts and the rest of the boats wrecked, leaving only the captain's yawl intact for the eighty passengers. Hatches were swept off and the hold filled with water. All food was destroyed; the kitchen and dining salon were flooded. Every cabin in the ship contained several feet of water, damaging all the passengers' clothes and luggage. The second engineer, carpenter and one seaman lost their lives. The passengers had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours and no fresh water for thirty-six hours.

The steamer was in the gale nearly thirty-six hours and many did not expect to reach land. Fortunately, there was the usual calm after the storm and it was a sight to watch the passengers, men, women and children drying their clothes in all sorts of places on the deck in the sunshine.

Progress On Canal.

The Isthmus of Panama has undergone tremendous changes during the occupation of the Isthmian Canal commission. Colon has been practically rebuilt.

The wonderful progress in the cutting through of the canal is now quite apparent to the traveler. From now on, it will be a question of hard work; hitherto it has been more or less a question of organization, such as attending to the sanitary department, putting up dwellings and commissary stores for the employes. Hundreds of men are being discharged every week, such as carpenters, machine men, boilermakers, etc., who have prepared the double bed of the railroad and built the machine shops so that the work will go on without interruption.

The regular employes and engineers will devote their time to the actual work, which is moving so rapidly that it is the belief of every one on the isthmus that steamers will be passing through the canal within five years, a prediction which appears quite reasonable when it is remembered that all that is to be done now is the cutting of the Culebra, a cut of about eighty feet to canal level, and the building of the locks.

While the city of Panama is handling many more millions of dollars than it ever did during the French occupation, there is much dissatisfaction in that the profits are not so great as in the past, because the commissary stores of Uncle Sam supplies its employes with goods at a reasonable price.

Talking of the Panama canal, I am reminded of the great ability and statesmanship of Admiral Walker, it was the who first reported in favor of the Nicaraguan road, which so angered the French Panama company that they made a reduction of $70,000,000 on their previous figure, so that of the $40,000,000 paid to the French company, $27,474,000 went to the canal. The Panama railroad received $6,886,000, and there was paid for the plans, maps and abstracts $2,000,000. This also included 30,000 acres of land that went with the railroad; 625,000 acres of land under the Wise concession, 2,265 buildings in the city of Panama, in Colon and along the line of the canal, and three steamers of 2,000 tons each.

The Isthmian commission, May 4, 1904, took possession of the property, which included, at that time, 115 storehouses, 15 large warehouses and 41 parks or yards scattered along the 46 miles of canal road.

French Inventory.

According to the last inventory of the French, the canal property represented a book value of $29,000,000. Most of the stuff has been thrown on the scrap heap, and in 1906 a dealer in old iron bought two shiploads, paying $60,000, while hundreds of tons have been going to New York as ballast on the Panama steamers.

Many hundreds of engines and machines have been put in service and are now at work on the canal. The Ancon hospital, one of the finest on the isthmus, cost the French upwards of $3,000,000, and De Lessep's house, also at Colon, $200,000. The building now occupied by the American legation cost $80,000. The commission is now quartering and caring for about 25,000 men, and the experiment with laborers from Spain has proven very satisfactory.

There were 4,317 Europeans at work on the canal June 30, 1907, as well as 14,006 natives of West India.

The Panama railroad has a force of 2,000 laborers and 6,999 Europeans. During the year 1907 nearly 1,500 men were out of the ranks every month. At the present time the labor cost is smaller, owing to the progres of work and the reduction of forces in many of the departments. It seems that the labor problem is still unsolved.

The wonderful progress of the Americans on the Isthmus is seen everywhere. Cottages are well built and of picturesque appearance. There are 537 houses for married employes and 223 for single men; all told there are 528 hotels, 16 mess houses and 19 kitchens. There are 55 miscellaneous offices and club houses, making a total of 2,208 buildings.

The American department, called the Canal Zone, is divided into two custom districts, known as Ancon, on the Pacific, and Cristobal, on the Atlantic side. The steamship lines entering Ancon are the Pacific Steam Navigation company, Chilean Navigation company and Pacific Mail Steamship company. The first two conduct a regular passenger and freight service between Ancon and the rest of South America. The Panama Railroad steamship line runs a regular five-day passenger and freight service between Cristobal (Colon) and New York city, and there are many freight boats bringing coal and various other supplies to both sides of the Isthmus for the canal commission and the merchants. No duties or charges are imposed by the United States government on shipping facilities at the ports of Ancon and Cristobal, and no collections are made by the Panama custom authorities on any material or supplies for the use of the canal commission or the Panama railroad in accordance with the Taft agreement of December 3, 1904.

There is a revenue on the American zone for the distillation of rum. There are twelve distilleries on the zone, and these work about fifteen days every two months.

Unusual opportunities are given to every one renting lands in the zone. Good agricultural lands that will grow all sorts of fruits and cereals, bananas etc. may be rented for $1.50 per acre per year. The rent for building land varies according to the location. For the first three quarters of 1907 the revenue from land rent was $6,653.20.

There are fifteen hotels in operation for white Americans and the price per meal is thirty cents. The stewards and cooks are generally white men. There are twenty-three kitchens for Indian laborers and a day's board is supplied for thirty cents. The food is prepared by Indian cooks. The incomes from the hotels last year was $492,000, expenditures $475,000. The average number of meals served in a month is about 1,000,000.

Health On Isthmus.

The Isthmus has been very healthful since the medical commission cleaned up the various cities and villages along the zone. There has been no yellow fever for three years. The department of sanitation is magnificently equipped and goes into every part of the zone. There are two splendid hospitals at Ancon and Colon and line hospitals at all the principal settlements along the canal route. There are numerous dispensaries, and a district physician and an inspecting force are maintained in each.

When Dr. de Clairmont passed over the zone in 1904 on his way to Peru, the jungle reigned supreme in all the settlements built by the French. Now one sees numerous well ordered villages, with the jungles and grass cut away, drainage ditches run in every direction, there are good side walks and, in many places, electric lights. It is a pleasure to ride over the new road from one end of the isthmus to the other, and every few miles there is a clean tropical village.

There is a station on the isthmus for lepers and new insane quarters at Ancon. The lepers have now been placed on a point in the bay west of La Boca, near Panama.

The death rate on the isthmus has been as follows: In 1905 it was 53 per cent, in 1906 49 per cent, in 1907 42 per cent, and the total deaths in 1907 numbered 1,273, of which 104 were due to accident. The native death rate, compared to the whites, is 3.21, and the cause of this is that the white man stands the conditions on the isthmus three times as well as the negro, a statement that would have been contradicted three years ago, but which experience has proven true.

Pneumonia claims more victims than any other disease. In 1907, 11,745 were treated at the commission hospital. A new-comer on the isthmus now days wonders at the absence of mosquitoes at Panama and Colon and the settled parts of the canal strip. The reason is found covered when it is stated that during the last year more than 2,736 gallons of mosquito oil was sprinkled on the streets and low places. A very rigid inspection is made of all passengers and crews on boats, and those touching at unclean ports are held in quarantine for five days. The vaccination against smallpox for 1907 amounted to 34,589 cases. The immigration for the same year was more than 30,000, out of which only forty-four were rejected.

On the morning of September 19, Dr. A. de Clairmont embarked on the Chilean steamer Limari for Peru. He saw that the Equador government has at last come to its senses and employed the American expert, Dr. J. Lloyd, to clean Guayaquil, which is a hotbed for all the yellow fever on the American continent. Dr. Lloyd is in special attendance on President Alfaro, who is very ill and afraid of fever. It is on this account he allows the Guayaquil to be cleaned. From a distance, the city is picturesque, stretching along the Guayaquil river, and at night time it is illuminated by myriads of electric lights, giving one the impression of Venice. A step ashore, however, soon dispels the illusion, for the streets are crowded with filth, and there are open sewers and dirt of all sorts. That rapid progress is being made, is seen from the fact that passenger steamers are now allowed to anchor within a short distance of the city, when formerly they were compelled to stop outside the native slaughter house.

Even-Song.

Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were led,
Sweet the young hills, the valleys of content,
But now the hours of dew and dreams are fled.
Lord, we are spent.

We did not heed thy warning in the skies,
We have not known thy voice nor known thy fold,
But now the world is darkening to our eyes,
Lord, we grow old.

Now the sweet stream turns bitter with our tears,
Now dies the star we followed in the west,
Now we are sad and ill at ease with years.
Lord, we would rest.

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light,
Weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam,
Our day is past and swiftly falls thy night.
Lord, lead us home.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in Metropolitan.

Taft's Personal Magnetism

"An Englishman" in Harper's Weekly.

As a matter of fact to any one who knows Mr. Taft the charge that he lacks "personal magnetism" is simply laughable. I will defy anyone to come across him in private without feeling drawn toward this good-humored, unconventional, rollicking giant, with his frank, free bearing, his massive look of power and adequacy, his radiating air of jollity and zest. I recall that at the first moment of our meeting—and this, I think, must be—he made on my mind and senses four distinct impressions. The first was that he was immensely likable. His heartiness, his geniality, you felt at once, rang true. There followed instantly the conviction that here was a man you could trust to the last. In his face, his eyes, his whole manner of bearing, Mr. Taft carries the unmistakable stamp of an engaging and unswerving integrity. He is one of the most palpably honest men I have ever encountered. He is honest even in his politics. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that his politics are comprised in saying straight out precisely what he thinks. He is almost as incapable as Lord Rosebery himself, though from widely different causes, of the distortions of partisanship.

My second impression of Mr. Taft as he sat down, munched a sandwich, hoisted a huge leg over the arm of his chair, and relieved the waistcoat buttons of their normal functions—it was his official room in the war department—was that, whatever might be his shortcomings, affectation, "frills," pretentiousness of any kind, were not among them. A snapshot of Mr. Taft at that moment would have made an admirable study of democracy in undress. My third and fourth impressions—I call them the third and fourth, though they were simultaneously with the others—were those of an unhurried, ever-ready instinct and capacity for dealing with men and things. Mr. Taft's overwhelming physique alone seemed somehow to guarantee his efficiency. One could not imagine the problem that would not give way beneath such an impact; and one could quite easily conceive him crashing through all obstacles and entanglements with the all-conquering certainty of a smiling, patient, supremely human steam roller. This indeed is precisely what he has been doing for the last ten years. He goes to the Philippines, for example, builds up a system of government from basement to garret, brings order out of anarchy and confidence out of rebellious mistrust, and settles the friars' question by a masterstroke of bold, reconciling diplomacy. Work on the Panama canal is disorganized and threatens to stop through the friction of a multiplicity of boards and the resignation of one engineer in chief after another. Mr. Taft visits the isthmus, looks into things, decides that the army engineers are the men to "dig the ditch," and all is peace and progress.

Depth at Which Miners Work.

Chicago Tribune.

Below 50 feet the temperature rises in the proportion of one degree for every 65 feet of depth except where currents of water carry the heat away. The result is that at a depth of about 4,000 feet we reach a temperature of 98 degrees, or blood heat. This renders it exceedingly difficult to work coal pits below that depth. This is the reason that Great Britain's coal commission has decided that mines are not workable below 4,000 feet.

The thickness of the solid rocks building up the crust of the earth is at least 30 to 40 miles. At that depth the heat is such as would reduce everything on the surface of the earth to liquid. But the pressure of the overlying rocks is so great that until the relation of the heat to the pressure is known it cannot be said whether the earth at that depth is fluid or solid.

EVERY PART OF ALLIGATOR IS OF SOME SPECIAL VALUE

The man of science has been studying the alligator and has discovered that every part is of some value, says the Technical World Magazine. A half-grown specimen is worth far more in money than the largest steer that was ever separated into articles of commerce, even in a Chicago abattoir. Take the teeth for instance. They are of such fine ivory that they can be made into watch charms and other jewelry, for they have a much brighter luster and are as rich in tint as the best tusks that ever came out of an African elephant's head. The teeth alone are worth from two to four dollars a pound, according to size. Every square inch of the hide makes a covering which is far more durable and has a more attractive finish than most leathers. As the reptile has what might be called an armored skin, considerable of which is covered with hard scales, an alligator trunk challenges the most reckless baggage smasher to do his worst provided the box within it is of good hard wood. But the trunk is only one of hundreds of things which the ingenious artisan makes wholly or partly from this denizen of the south. Why, enough of them would supply the material for a modern outfitting shop with a few toilet sets added. Your pocket book may have come from an alligator's skin. The purse you dangle in your hand was once his claw. He finishes and furnishes the traveling companion, except the brush, comb, soap and tooth powder. All kinds of travelers' bags come from his hide. Even automobile outfits are partly made of it where the tourist is willing to pay the price. The outside of the alligator when dressed and tanned goes on the floor of the boudoir, or studio in place of the Royal Bengal rug. It has become the fad to hang the reptile "pelts" on the polished oak walls of the dining room and to ornament it with the claws. Your umbrella or cane is placed in the fore legs of the stuffed alligator. Standing upright in the hallway he makes an excellent umbrella holder. On the table of the smoking room he holds the tray where you knock the ashes of your after-dinner cigar when reading the book whose covers were once a part of an alligator. The Indians of the southern swamps formerly caught alligators not only for their teeth and hide but for their meats. Parts of the flesh are white and tender. Two freshly laid alligator eggs will make as palatable an omelet as was ever contributed by the choicest Leghorn or Plymouth Rock.

A WORD FOR THE DOGS

Washington Post.

Various cities during the fierce heat of the past summer have been afflicted with mad-dog scares out of all proportion to any real danger that has existed, and there has been manifested a tendency to disparage the good qualities of our canine friends and dependents and vote them a nuisance to be got rid of. While true dog lovers, who appreciate and understand the high intelligence and faithful affection of many members of the tribe, do not need to be reminded of how much sense and character they possess, it is well for their protection, as well as for our more general enlightenment, that some of their more notable doings should be occasionally made known.

In Quincy, Mass., Becky and King, a pair of Boston terriers, went at midnight to the room of the owner of the house they lived in and roused him. He went down stairs and opened the front door to see what was up. The dogs made a rush past him, into a clump of bushes, out of which two burglars sprang and fled. The dogs, without barking, followed, and before long Becky came back with a large piece of trousers in her mouth. There was an exhibition of vigilance, faithfulness and courage, which undoubtedly prevented a robbery.

Now we come to canine intelligence, or instinct, if anyone prefers to call it so, and affection. A lady moved from Columbus to Chicago, 300 miles, and left her pet dox Trix behind. In three weeks Trix had not only made the long journey to Chicago all by himself, but, as his mistress came out of a restaurant opposite the house where she lived, she found him on the sidewalk, gaunt, worn, and eagerly waiting for her, and before she knew what was happening he had both paws on her shoulders. How had he found his way across hundreds of miles of an unknown country and tracked her in a vast city to her lodgings, and what could have prompted him to do it, save love?

When the steamship Columbian landed in New York not long since she brought a story of canine fidelity and affection. Little Marie McDonald was bringing over two collies, Dick and Jack. She fell ill on the passage and died, and was buried at sea. Both dogs were present at the service, and as the little coffin struck the water and disappeared, Jack broke away from the men who held him leaped into the sea and was never seen again. Who will venture to say that wherever Marie went Jack did not join her? If love like that is not immortal, it ought to be.

The SLAVE of SILENCE

By F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER V.

Mark Ventmore repeated his statement three times before anybody seemed to comprehend the dread meaning of his words. The shock was so sudden, so utterly unexpected by the majority of the people there. Of course nobody in that brilliant throng had the least idea of the bride's feelings in the matter, most of them were privileged guests for the reception. They had been bidden to a festive afternoon, a theatre had been specially chartered for the evening, with a dance to follow. This was one of the smart functions of the season.

And now death had stepped in and swept everything away at one breath. People looked at one another as if unable to take in what had happened. There was a strange uneasiness that might have been taken for disappointment rather than regret. Perhaps it partook of both. Somebody a little more thoughtful than the rest gave a sign to the organist who had begun to fill the church with a volume of triumphal music. The silence that followed was almost painful.

Then as if by common consent, every eye was fixed upon the bride. Beatrice had turned and walked down the altar steps in the direction of Mark, who advanced now without further opposition. Beatrice stood there with her hand to her head as if trying to understand it all. She was terribly white, but absolutely composed.

"Did you say that my father was dead?" she asked.

"I am afraid so," Mark stammered. "He—he has been dead for hours. I came on here as fast as I could, hoping to be in time to——"

He paused, conscious of the fact that he was about to say something terribly out of place. Just for an instant Mark had forgotten that he and Beatrice were not alone. He was looking into her beautiful, dilated eyes, oblivious to the fact of the spectators. He was going to say that he had hurried there in the hopes of being in time to stop the ceremony. And Beatrice had divined it for she flushed slightly. It seemed a terrible thing, but already she had asked herself the same question. The shock of her father's death had not quite gone home to her yet and she could still think about herself. Was she really married to Stephen Richford? Was the ceremony legally completed? The thought was out of place, but there it was. A mist rose before the girl's eyes her heart beat painfully fast.

"Don't you think we ought to do something?" Mark asked.

The question startled Beatrice out of her stupor. She was ready for action. It was as if a stream of cold water had been poured over her.

"Of course," she cried. "It is wrong to stand here. Take me home at once, Mark."

It was a strange scene strangely carried out. The bridegroom stood irresolute by the altar, feeling nervously at his gloves, whilst Beatrice, with all her wedding finery about her clutched Mark by the arm and hurried him down the aisle. The whole thing was done, and the strangely assorted pair had vanished before the congregation recovered their surprise.

"Come back!" Richford exclaimed. "Surely it is my place to——"

Long before Richford could reach the porch, his wife and Mark had entered a hansom and were on their way to the Royal Palace Hotel. The story had got about by this time; people stopped to stare at the man in tweeds and the bride in her full array in the hansom. To those two it did not seem in the least strange.

"Did you manage to see my father, after all?" Beatrice asked.

"No, I tried to do so; you see, I had to wait for him. He was very late, so I fell asleep. It was after eleven today when I awoke to find Sir Charles had not left his room. I ventured to suggest that he had better be roused or he would be too late for your wedding. Nobody could make him hear so the door was broken in. He was quite dead."

Beatrice listened in a dull kind of way. There was no trace of tears in her eyes. She had suffered so terribly, lately, that she could not cry. The horrible doubt as to whether she was free or not could not be kept out of her mind. Yet it seemed so dreadfully unnatural.

"He died in his sleep, I suppose?" Beatrice asked.

"That nobody can say yet," Mark said. "The doctor we called in was very guarded. Nobody seems to have been in the bed room, though the sitting room door adjoining is not locked, and last night I saw a lady come out of it, a lady in grey."

"A lady in grey!" Beatrice cried. "What a singular thing, Mark! Do you mean to say it was the same lady who sat next to you in the Paris theatre?"

"Well, yes," Mark admitted. "It was the same. I have not told anybody but you, and it seems to me that nothing will be gained by mentioning the fact."

Beatrice nodded thoughtfully. She could not identify the grey lady, the Slave of Silence, with anything that was wrong. And yet it was strange how that silent woman had come into her life. She must have been known to Sir Charles or she would never have ventured into his sitting room. If she was still staying in the hotel, Beatrice made up her mind to seek her out. There was some strange mystery here that must be explained. It was uppermost in Beatrice's mind as she descended from the hansom and passed through the curious group of servants into the hall.

The fine suite of rooms was ready for the festive throng; in the dining room a banquet had been spread out. The scarlet flush of red roses gave a warm note to the room; the sun came streaming through the stained-glass windows, and shone upon the silver and glass and red glow of wine, and on the gold foil of the champagne bottles. In the center of the table stood a great white tower that Beatrice regarded vaguely as her wedding cake. A shudder passed over her as she looked at it. She longed for something dark and sombre, to hide her diamonds and the sheen of her ivory satin dress.

The place was silent now; the very bareness and desolation of the scene sickened Beatrice to the soul. No guests were here now—they were not like to be. A polite manager was saying something to the bride, but she did not seem to heed.

"Mr. Marius is talking to you," Mark said. "He wants to know if he can do anything."

"Mr. Marius is very kind," Beatrice said wearily. "I should like to see the doctor. I suppose that he is still here? May I see him at once?"

The doctor had not gone yet. Mark procured a small plate of dainty sandwiches and a glass of port wine which he forced Beatrice to take. To his great surprise she found that she was hungry. Breakfast she had had none; now that the crisis had passed, her natural healthy appetite had returned. The feeling of faintness that she had struggled against for so long passed away.

The doctor came in, rubbing his hands softly together. He regretted the unfortunate occasion, but when he had been called in, Sir Charles was long past mortal aid. Evidently he had been dead for some hours.

"You are in a position to be quite sure of that?" Beatrice asked.

"Oh, quite," Dr. Andrews replied. "One's experience tells that. Sir Charles was quite stiff and cold. I should say that he had been dead quite four hours when the door was broken down."

Just for an instant the doctor hesitated and his easy manner deserted him.

"I must see Sir Charles' regular medical man before I can be quite definite on that point," he said. "I have no doubt that death was caused by natural means, at least I see no reason at present to believe anything to the contrary. Indeed, if any doubt remains after that, there must be a post mortem, of course. But still I hope that such a course will not be necessary."

In a vague way Beatrice felt uneasy. If this gentleman was not actually concealing something, he was not quite so satisfied as he assumed to be.

"I should like to see my father, if I may," Beatrice said quietly.

The doctor led the way to the bedroom and closed the door softly behind the girl. His face was a little grave and anxious as he walked down the stairs.

"You appear to be a frfiend of the family," he said to Mark as he stood in the hall. "There are symptoms about the case which frankly I don't like. There was no occasion to lacerate Miss Darryll's feelings unduly, but I must see the family doctor at once. It is just possible that you may happen to know who he is."

Mark was in a position to supply the desired information, and Dr. Andrews drove off, his face still very grave and thoughtful. Meanwhile Beatrice found herself alone with the dead body of her father. He was only partially undressed; he lay on the bed as if he had been overcome with a sudden illness or fatigue. The handsome boyish features were quite composed; there was a smile on the lips, and yet the expression on the face was one of pain. Sir Charles appeared to have died as he had lived—gay, careless, and easy to the last. Always neat, he had placed his studs and tie on the dressing table; by them stood a little pile of letters which had evidently come by a recent post. They had been carefully cut open with a penknife, so that Beatrice could see they had been read.

There were tears in the girl's eyes now, for Beatrice recalled the time when Sir Charles had been a good father to her in the days before he had dissipated his fortune and started out with the intention of winning it back in the city. Those had been happy hours, Beatrice reflected.

There was nothing further in the room to call for notice. On the carpet, in contrast to the crimson ground, lay what looked like a telegram. It was half folded, but there was no mistaking the gray paper. If there was anything wrong here, perhaps the telegram would throw a light on it. Beatrice picked up the message and flattened it on her hand. Then she read it with a puzzled face. Suddenly a flash of illumination came upon her. Her hand clenched the paper passionately.

"Is it possible," she muttered, "that he could have known? And yet the date and the day! Why, that coward must have known all the time."

A glance at the dead, placid face there recalled Beatrice to herself. Hastily she thrust the message in her corsage and quietly left the room. Some time had elapsed since Beatrice entered the hotel, but as yet the man she called her husband had not returned. It seemed strange, but Beatrice said nothing. She stood regarding her wedding finery with some feeling of disgust.

"I must have a room somewhere and change," she said; "it seems horrible to be walking about like this when my father is lying dead upstairs. Mary, my woman is here somewhere. Will you try and find her and send her to Lady Rashborough for something black and quite plain? Meanwhile, I'll go to a bedroom and get some of this finery off. The mere touch of it fills me with loathing."

Beatrice's maid was discovered at length, and despatched in hot haste to Lady Rashborough's. Beatrice had scarcely entered before Stephen Richford drove up. He looked anxious and white and sullen withal, and he favoured Mark with a particularly malevolent scowl. Richford knew the relationship that had existed at one time between Mark and Beatrice.

"I suppose you must be excused under the circumstances for racing off with my wife in this fashion," he said hoarsely. It seemed to Mark that he had found time to drink somewhere, though, as a rule, that was not one of Richford's failings. "Where is she?"

"She has gone to change," Mark said. "This is a very unfortunate business, Mr. Richford."

Richford shrugged his shoulders with an assumption of indifference. His hand trembled slightly.

"Sir Charles was getting on in years," he said; "and Sir Charles had not troubled to give very great attention to the question of his health. In fact, Sir Charles had gone it steadily. But it seems now to me that so long as the doctors are satisfied as to the cause of death ——"

"I am not at all sure the doctor is satisfied," Mark said significantly. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," Richford stammered. "Nothing more than a twinge of that confounded neuralgia of mine."

CHAPTER VI.

Beatrice came down from her room presently, dressed in quiet black. In her hand she carried not only the telegram but a letter she had taken from the dressing table of the dead man.

The little group in the hall had by this time been augmented by the presence of Colonel Berrington; Stephen Richford had slipped off somewhere. Mark had not failed to notice the restlessness and agitation of his manner.

"I think I have got rid of everybody," Berrington said. "It has been a most distressing business, and I am afraid that there is worse to come. Dr. Andrews has just telephoned. He has seen Sir Charles' medical man, and they have decided that there must be an inquest. I don't suggest that anything is wrong, but there you are."

"I am not surprised," Beatrice said coldly. "I have been to my father's room looking over his papers. And I found a letter that puzzles me. It was written last night as the date shows, in the hotel, on hotel paper, and evidently delivered by hand, as the envelope proves. Look at this."

Colonel Berrington held out his hand for the envelope. He started slightly as he looked at the neat, clear handwriting. Something was evidently wrong here, Mark thought. The colonel was a man of courage, as he very well knew, and yet his fingers trembled as he glanced interrogatively at Beatrice before he drew the letter from the envelope.

"Yes," Beatrice said, "I want you to read it. I brought it down on purpose."

"There does not seem to be much," Berrington said. "As there is no heading and signature, the letter may be intended for anybody."

"Only my father's name happens to be on the envelope," Beatrice said quietly. "Pray read it aloud."

Berrington proceeded to do so. There were only two or three lines in which the writer said that she must see the recipient of the letter without delay, and that it was of no use to try and keep out of the way. There was nothing more; no threat or sign of anger, nothing to signify that there was any feeling at all. And yet so much might have been concealed behind those simple lines. Berrington looked grave, and trembled as he handed the letter back to Beatrice.

"Clearly it is our duty to find out who wrote that letter," Mark observed. "It was written in the hotel, probably by somebody dining here last night. It is just possible that it was written by someone who was staying in the hotel. In that case we can easily ascertain the name of the writer."

"How is that possible?" Berrington demanded. He asked the question quite nervously. "In a place so large as this, with so many visitors continually going and coming——"

"There is a rigid rule here," Mark proceeded to explain. "Every guest, even if only passing a single night under the roof, has to sign the visitors' book. With this letter in my hand I can compare signatures. If there is no signature like this characteristic hand-writing, then our task is no easy one. On the other hand, if there is——"

The speaker paused significantly. Berrington's agitation deepened. With all her distress and sorrow, Beatrice did not fail to notice it.

"Perhaps you will go down to the office and see at once, Mark," Beatrice suggested.

Ventmore went off obediently enough. Berrington stood watching him, for a moment, then he turned to Beatrice and laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Believe me, this is not going to help anybody," he said in a low voice. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, I know who wrote that letter. What connection she had with your father and what the secret was between them I shall perhaps never know. But the lady who wrote that letter——"

"Ah," Beatrice cried, with a flash of sudden inspiration, "it was the grey lady, I am sure of it."

"You have guessed correctly," Berrington went on. "It was the person whom you have elected to call the grey lady. It was a great shock to me to recognize that handwriting. The secret is not wholly mine to tell, but for a long time I have been seeking the grey lady. I had not the remotest idea that she and Sir Charles had anything in common; little did I dream that she was here in this hotel last night. But whatever may be the meaning of this mystery, if there has been foul play here, the grey lady is quite innocent of it. Don't ask me to say any more, because I cannot, I dare not."

Beatrice nodded in sympathy. The brave, grave soldier by her side was terribly agitated; indeed Beatrice could not have recognized him as being capable of such a display of emotion.

"I am going to believe in you both," she said. "Probably the grey lady was the last person to see my father alive. She may have told him some terrible news; she may have given him the shock that killed him. But there was another who knew——"

"What do you mean by that?" Berrington asked.

"Nothing. I have said too much. That is quite between myself and—and could possibly have had nothing to do with my father's death. Oh, if only Mark had arrived five minutes sooner!"

Berrington knew exactly what was passing through Beatrice's mind.

"A great pity, indeed," he said quietly. "What a difference moments make in our lives. Still——"

"Still there is always the doubt," Beatrice whispered eagerly. A constant throng of people passed through the great hall where the death of Sir Charles was already forgotten. "I am living on the doubt, Colonel Berrington; am I or am I not married to Stephen Richford?"

"I could not say," Berrington replied. "I have very little knowledge of these matters. As far as I could see, the marriage ceremony was completed, the ring was placed on your finger, therefore——"

"Therefore you think that I am married," Beatrice said. She was twisting the gold badge of servitude on her finger nervously. "I am going to find out for certain. The service was not quite finished; there was no exportation, there was no signing of the register. Surely I am free if it is my desire to be free. After what I found today——"

Again Beatrice apused as if aware of the fact that she was saying too much. There was a certain expression of relief on her face as she saw the figure of Mark approaching.

"Well, have you done anything?" she asked eagerly. "Have you made any discovery?"

"I have only been partially successful," Mark said. "I have identified the writing with a signature of a guest in the visitors' book. The lady came only yesterday, as the date is opposite her writing. She came without a maid and with very little luggage, and she called ehrself Mrs. Beacon Light."

"Beacon Light," Beatrice said reflectively. "It sounds like a nom de plume; it suggests the kind of name a lady novelist would assume. Too singular to be real. And are you quite sure that the lady wrote that letter to my father?"

"I should say there is very little doubt about it," Mark replied. "The handwritings are identical. It seems that Mrs. Beacon Light stayed here last night and dined in the red salon. She had breakfast here very early, and then she paid her bill and departed. The clerk cannot say where she went, for her small amount of baggage was placed in a hansom and the driver was told to go in the first instance to Peter Robinson's. That is everything that I could ascertain."

There was no more to be said for the present, and very little to be done. A tall, stiff man, with an air of Scotland Yard indelibly impressed upon him, came presently, and asked to be allowed to see Sir Charles' suite of rooms. He had been waited upon at his office, he explained, by the deceased baronet's medical man, who had suggested the necessity for an inquest, which had been fixed upon for ten o'clock the following day. Under the circumstances the suite of rooms would be locked up and the seal of authority placed on them. The inspector was sincerely sorry to cause all this trouble and worry to Miss Darryll, but she would quite see that he was doing no more than his duty.

"But why all this fuss?" Stephen Richford demanded. He had come up at the same moment. Troubled and dazed as Beatrice was, she could not help noticing that Richford had been drinking. The thing was so unusual that it stood out all the more glaringly. "There's no occasion for an inquest, Dr. Oswin has told me more than once lately that Sir Charles was giving his heart a great deal too much to do. This thing has got to be prevented, I tell you."

"Very sorry, sir," the inspector said politely; "but it is already out of private hands. Both Dr. Oswin and Dr. Andrews have suggested an inquest; they have notified us, and, if they wished to change their minds now, I doubt if my chief would permit them."

Richford seemed to be on the point of some passionate outburst, but he checked himself. He laid his hand more or less familiarly on Beatrice's arm, and she could feel his fingers trembling.

"Very well," he said sulkily. "If you have made up your minds as to this course, I have no more to say. But there is nothing to gain by standing here all day. Beatrice, I have something to say to you."

"I am quiet ready," Beatrice said. "I have also something to say to you. We will go on as far as my sitting room. Please don't leave the hotel, Colonel Berrington; I may want you again."

The hard corners of Richford's mouth trembled, but he said nothing. He did not utter a word until the door of the sitting room had closed upon Beatrice and himself. He motioned the girl to a chair, but she ignored the suggestion.

"It is a very awkward situation," Richford began. "As my wife——"

"I am glad you have come so quickly to the point," Beatrice said eagerly. "Am I your wife? I doubt it. I do not think I am your wife, because the ceremony was not quite completed and we did not sign the register. You know what my feelings have been all along; I have never made the slightest attempt to disguise them. If I had known that my father was dead—that he had died on the way to church. I should never have become Mrs. Stephen Richford. To save my father's good name I had consented to this sacrifice. My father is dead beyond the reach of trouble. If I had only known. If I had only known!"

The words came with a fierce whisper. They stung the listener as no outburst of contempt or scorn could. They told him clearly how the speaker loathed and despised him.

"Nobody did know," he sneered. "Nobody could possibly have known."

"That is not true," Beatrice cried. She had come a little closer to Richford; her cheeks were blazing with anger, here eyes flamed passionately. "It is a cowardly lie. There was one man who saw my father after his death, and I am going to prove the fact in a way that cannot possibly be disputed. One man was in my father's room after his death. That man saw my father lying there, and he crept away without giving the slightest alarm. You may sneer, you may say that such a thing is impossible, that the man I allude to would have nothing to gain by such a course; but as I said before, I am going to prove it. Look at this telegram I hold in my hand. It was sent before ten o'clock today to the person to whom it is addressed. It evidently relates to some stock exchange business. The address is quite clear; the time the telegram was delivered is quite clear, too; and by the side of my father's body I found the telegram, which could only have been dropped there by the party to whom it was addressed. So that party knew that my father was dead, and that party made no alarm. Why?"

"Why," Richford stammered. "Why, because,—well, you see it is quite possible to explain——"

"It is not," Beatrice cried. "The telegram is addressed to you. It was you who called on my father; you who found him dead. And in your agitation you dropped that message. Then you grasped the fact that if the marriage was postponed it would never take place, that I was in a position to defy you. You locked my father's door; you said nothing; you made up your mind to let the ceremony go on. That accounts for your agitation, for the fact that you have been drinking. Cowardly scoundrel, what have you to say to this?"

"What are you going to do?" Richford asked sullenly.

"Unless you release me here and now," Beatrice cried, "I swear by heaven that I am going to tell the truth!"

(To Be Continued.)

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER XXI.

Ernestine was a delightful hostess, she loved situations, and her social tact was illimitable. In a few minutes Trent was seated in a comfortable and solid chair with a little round table by his side, drinking tea and eating buttered scones, and if not altogether at his ease very nearly so. Opposite him was Davenant, dying to escape yet constrained to be agreeable, and animated too with a keen, distasteful curiosity to watch Ernestine's methods. And Ernestine herself chatted all the time, diffused good fellowship and tea—she made an atmosphere which had a nameless fascination for the man who had come to middle-age without knowing what a home meant. Davenant studied him and became thoughtful. He took note of the massive features, the iron jaw, the eyes as bright as steel and his thoughtfulness became anxiety. Ernestine too was strong, but this man was a rock. What would happen if she carried out her purpose, fooled, betrayed him, led him perhaps to ruin? Some day her passion would leap up, she would tell him, they would be face to face, injured man and taunting woman. Davenant had an ugly vision as he sat there. He saw the man's eyes catch fire, the muscles of his face twitch, he saw Ernestine shrink back, white with terror and the man followed her.

"Cecil! Aren't you well? You're looking positively ghastly!"

He pulled himself together—it had been a very realistic little interlude.

"Bad headache!" he said, smiling. "By the by, I must go!"

"If you ever did such a thing as work," she remarked, "I should say that you had been doing too much. As it is, I suppose you have been sitting up too late. Goodbye. I am so glad that you were here to meet Mr. Trent. Mr. Davenant is my cousin, you know," she continued, turning to her visitor, "and he is almost the only one of my family who has not cast me off utterly."

Davenant made his adieux with a heavy heart. He hated the hypocrisy with which he hoped for Scarlett Trent's better acquaintance and the latter's bluff acceptance of an invitation to look him up at his club. He walked out into the street cursing his mad offer to her and the whole business. But Ernestine was very well satisfied.

She led Trent to talk about Africa again, and he plunged into the subject without reserve. He told her stories and experiences with a certain graphic and picturesque force which stamped him as the possessor of an imaginative power and command of words for which she would scarcely have given him credit. She had the unusual gift of making the best of all those with whom she came in contact. Trent felt that he was interesting her, and gained confidence in himself.

All the time she was making a social estimate of him. He was by any means impossible. On the contrary there was no reason why he should not become a success. That he was interested in her was already obvious, but that had become her intention. The task began to seem almost easy as she sat and listened to him.

Then he gave her a start. Quietly and without any warning he changed the subject into one which was fraught with embarrassment for her. At his first words the color faded from her cheeks.

"I've been pretty lucky since I got back. Things have gone my way a bit and the only disappointment I've had worth speaking of has been in connection with a matter right outside money. I've been trying to find the daughter of that old partner of mine—I told you about her—and I can't."

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper.

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they will cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But thousands of irritable, nervous, tired and broken-down women have restored their health and strength by the use of Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

Swamp-Root brings new life and activity to the kidneys, the cause of such troubles.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, may address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and receive sample bottle free by mail. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

assume that she has good reason for it."

"I can see no good reason," he said, "and there is a mystery behind it which I fancy would be better cleared up. Some day I will tell you more about it."

Evidently Ernestine was weary of the subject, for she suddenly changed it. She led him to talk of other things. When at last he glanced at the clock he was horrified to see how long he had stayed.

"You'll remember, I hope, Miss Wendermott," he said, "that this is the first afternoon call I've ever paid. I've no idea how long I ought to have stayed, but certainly not two hours."

"The time has passed quickly," she said, smiling upon him, so that his momentary discomfort passed away. "I have been very interested in the stories of your past, Mr. Trent, but do you know I am quite as much interested, more so even, in your future."

"Tell me what you mean," he asked.

"You have so much before you, so many possibilities. There is so much that you may gain, so much that you may miss."

He looked puzzled.

"I have a lot of money," he said. "That's all! I haven't any friends nor any education worth speaking of. I don't see quite where the possibilities come in."

She crossed the room and came over close to his side, resting her arm upon the mantelpiece. She was still wearing her walking-dress, prim and straight in its folds about her tall, graceful figure, and her hair, save for the slight waviness about the forehead, was plainly dressed. There were none of the cheap arts about her to which Trent had become accustomed in women who sought to attract. Yet, as she stood looking down at him, a faint smile, half humorous, half satirical, playing about the corners of her shapely mouth, he felt his heart beat faster than ever it had done in any African jungle. It was the nervous and emotional side of the man to which she appealed. He felt unlike himself, undergoing a new phase of development. There was something stirring within him which he could not understand.

"You haven't any friends," she said softly, "nor any education, but you are a millionaire! That is quite sufficient. You are a veritable Caesar with undiscovered worlds before you."

"I wish I knew what you meant," he said, with some hesitation.

She laughed softly.

"Don't you understand," she said, "that you are the fashion? Last year it was Indian potentates, the year before it was actors, this year it is millionaires. You have only to announce yourself and you may take any place you choose in society. You have arrived at the most auspicious moment. I can assure that before many months are past you will know more people than ever you have spoken to in your life before—men whose names have been household words to you and nothing else will be calling you 'old chap' and wanting to sell you horses, and women, who last week would look at you through lorgnettes as though you were a denizen of some unknown world, will be lavishing upon you their choicest smiles and whispering in your ear their 'not at home' afternoon. Oh, it's lucky I'm able to prepare you a little for it, or you would be taken quite by storm."

He was unmoved. He looked at her with a grim tightening of the lips.

"I want to ask you this," he said. "What should I be the better for it all? What use have I for friends who only gather round me because I am rich? Shouldn't I be better off to have nothing to do with them, to live my own life, and make my own pleasures?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"These people," she said, "of whom I have been speaking are masters of the situation. You can't enjoy money alone! You want to race, hunt, entertain, shoot, join in the revels of country houses! You must be one of them or you can enjoy nothing."

Monty's words were ringing back in his ears. After all, pleasures could be bought—but happiness!

"And you," he said, "you too, think that these things you have mentioned are the things most to be desired in life?"

A certain restraint crept into her manner.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"I have been told," he said, "that you have given up these things to live your life differently. That you choose to be a worker. You have rich relations—you could be rich yourself!"

She looked him steadily in the face.

"You are wrong," she said, "I have no money. I have not chosen a profession willingly—only because I am poor!"

"Ah!"

The monosyllable was mysterious to her. But for the wild improbability of the thing she would have wondered whether indeed he knew her secret. She brushed the idea away. It was impossible.

"At least," he said, "you belong to these people."

"to be one of the rich ones—to take your place amongst them on equal terms. That is what you are looking forward to in life!"

"Yes," she answered, "I am one of the poor young women of society."

"And you would like," he continued. She laughed gaily.

"Of course I am! If there was the least little chance of it I should be delighted. You mustn't think that I'm different from other girls in that respect, because I'm more independent. In this country there's only one way of enjoying life thoroughly, and that you will find out for yourself very soon."

He rose and held out his hand.

"Thank you very much," he said, "for letting me come. May I——"

"You may come," she said quietly, "as often as you like."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Mr. Scarlett Trent, the gold king, left for Africa on Thursday last on the Dunottar Castle, to pay a brief visit to his wonderful possessions there before the great Bekwando Mining and Exploration company is offered to the public. Mr. Trent is already a millionaire, and should he succeed in floating the company on the basis of the prospectus, he will be a multi-millionaire, and certainly one of the richest of Englishmen. During his absence workmen are to be kept going night and day at his wonderful palace in Park Lane, which he hopes to find ready for occupation on his return. Mr. Trent's long list of financial successes are too well known to be given here, but who will grudge wealth to a man who is capable of spending it in such a lordly fashion? We wish Mr. Trent a safe voyage and a speedy return."

The paper slipped from his fingers and he looked thoughtfully out seaward. It was only one paragraph of many, and the tone of all was the same. Ernestine's words had come true—he was already a man of note. A few months had changed his life in the most amazing way—when he looked back upon it now it was with a sense of unreality—surely all these things which had happened were part of a chimerical dream. It was barely possible for him to believe that it was he, Scarlett Trent, who had developed, day by day, into what he was at that moment. For the man was changed in a hundred ways. His gray flannel clothes was cut by the Saville Row tailor of the moment, his hands and hair, his manner of speech and carriage were all altered. He recalled the men he had met, the clubs he had joined, his stud of horses at Newmarket, the country houses at which he had visited. His most clear impression of the whole thing was how easy everything had been made for him. His oddness of speech, his gaucheries, his ignorances and nervousness had all been so lightly treated that they had been brushed away almost insensibly. He had been able to do so little that was wrong—his mistakes were ignored or admired as originality and yet, in some delicate way, the right thing had been made clear to him. Ernestine had stood by his side, always laughing at this swift fulfillment of her prophecy, always encouraging him, always enigmatic. Yet at the thought of her a vague sense of trouble crept into his heart. He took a worn photograph from his pocket and looked at it long and searchingly, and when he put it away he sighed. It made no difference of course, but he would rather have found her like that, the child with sweet, trustful eyes and a laughing mouth. Was there no life at all, then, outside this little vortex into which at her bidding he had plunged? Would she never have been content with anything else? He looked across the placid, blue sea to where the sun gleamed like silver on a white sail, and sighed again. He must make himself what she would have him. There was no life for him without her.

The captain came up for his morning chat, and some of the passengers, who eyed him with obvious respect, lingered for a moment about his chair on their promenade. Trent lit a cigar and presently began to stroll up and down himself. The salt sea air was a wonderful tonic to him after the nervous life of the last few months. He found his spirits rapidly rising. This voyage had been undertaken in obedience to a sudden, but overpowering influence. It had come to him one night that he must know for himself how much truth there was in Da Souza's story. He could not live with the thought that a thunderbolt was ever in the skies, that at any moment his life might lie wrecked about him. He was going out by one steamer and back by the next, the impending issue of his great company afforded all the excuse that was necessary. If Da Souza's story was true—well, there were many things which might be done, short of a complete disclosure. Monty might be satisfied, if plenty of money were forthcoming, to abandon his partnership and release the situation from its otherwise endless complications. Trent smoked his cigar placidly and, taking off his cap bared his head to the sweeping seawind, which seemed laden with life and buoyancy. Suddenly as he swung round by the companionway he found himself confronted by a newcomer who came staggering from the gangway. There was a moment's recoil and a sharp exclamation. Trent stood quite still and a heavy frown darkened his face.

"Da Souza!" he exclaimed. "How on earth came you on board?"

DaSouza's face was yellower than ever and he wore an ulster buttoned up to his chin. Yet there was a flash of malice in his eyes as he answered—

"I came by late tender at Southampton," he said. "It cost me a special from London and the agents told me I couldn't do it, but here I am, you see!"

"And a poor looking object you are," Trent said contemptuously. "If you've life enough in you to talk, be so good as to tell me what the devil you mean by following me like this!"

"I came," Da Souza answered, "in both our interests—chiefly my own!"

"I can believe that," Trent answered shortly, "now speak up. Tell me what you want."

Da Souza groaned and sank down upon a vacant deck chair.

"I will sit down," he said, "I am not well! The sea disagrees with me horribly. Well, well, you want to know why I came here! I can answer that question by another. What are you going to Africa?"

"I am going," Trent said, "to see how much truth there was in that story you told me. I am going to see old Monty if he is alive."

DaSouza groaned.

"It is cruel madness," he said, "and you are such an obstinate man! Oh dear! oh dear!

"I prefer," Trent said, "a crisis now, to ruin in the future. Besides, I have the remnants of a conscience."

"You will ruin yourself, and you will ruin me," Da Souza moaned. "How am I to have a quarter share if Monty is to come in for half, and how are you to repay him all that you would owe on a partnership account? You couldn't do it, Trent. I've heard of your four-in-hand, and your yacht, and your racers, and that beautiful house in Park Lane. I tell you that to part with half your fortune would ruin you, and the Bekwando company could never be floated."

"I don't anticipate parting with half," Trent said coolly. "Monty hasn't long to live—and he ought not to be hard to make terms with."

Da Souza beat his hands upon the handles of his deck chair.

"But why go near him at all? He thinks that you are dead. He has no idea that you are in England. Why should he know? Why do you risk ruin like this?"

"There are three reasons," Trent answered. "First, he may find his way to England and upset the apple-cart; secondly, I've only the shreds of a conscience, but I can't leave a man whom I'm robbing of a fortune in a state of semi-slavery, as I dare say he is, and the third reason is perhaps the strongest of all; but I'm not going to tell it you."

Da Souza blinked his little eyes and looked up with a cunning smile.

"Your first reason," he said, "is a poor sort of one. Do you suppose I don't have him looked after a bit?—no chance of his getting back to England, I can tell you. As for the second, he's only half-witted, and if he was better off he wouldn't know it."

"Even if I gave way to you in this," Trent answered, "the third reason is strong enough."

Da Souza's face was gloomy. "I know its no use trying to move you," he said, "but you're on a silly, dangerous, wild goose chase."

"And what about yourself?" Trent asked. "I imagine you have some other purpose in taking this voyage than just to argue with me."

"I am going to see," Da Souza said, "that you do as little mischief as possible."

Trent walked the length of the deck and back.

"Da Souza," he said, stopping in front of him, "you're a fool to take this voyage. You know me well enough to be perfectly assured that nothing you could say would ever influence me. There's more behind it. You've a game of your own to play over there. Now listen! If I catch you interfering with me in any way, we shall meet on more equal terms than when you laughed at my revolver at Walton Lodge! I never was over-scrupulous in those old days, Da Souza, you know that, and I have a fancy that when I find myself on African soil again I may find something of the old man in me yet. So look out, my friend, I've no mind to be trifled with, and, mark me—if harm comes to that old man, it will be your life for his, as I'm a living man. You were afraid of me once, Da Souza. I haven't changed so much as you may think, and the Gold Coast isn't exactly the center of civilization. There! I've said my say. The less I see of you now till we land, the better I shall be pleased."

He walked away and was challenged by the Doctor to a game of shuffleboard. Da Souza remained in his chair, his eyes blinking as though with the sun, and his hands gripping nervously the sides of his chair.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After six weeks' incessant throbbing the great engines were still, and the Dunottar Castle lay at anchor a mile or two from the African coast and off the town of Attra. The heat, which in motion had been hard enough to bear, was positively stifling now. The sun burned down upon the glassy sea and the white deck till the varnish on the rails cracked and blistered, and the sweat streamed like water from the faces of the laboring seamen. Below at the ship's side half a dozen surf boats were waiting, manned by Kru boys, who alone seemed perfectly comfortable, and cheerful as usual. All around were preparations for landing—boxes were being hauled up from the hold, and people were going about in search of small parcels and deck-chairs and missing acquaintances. Trent, in white linen clothes and puggaree, was leaning over the railing, gazing towards the town, when Da Souza came up to him—

"Last morning, Mr. Trent!"

Trent glanced around and nodded.

"Are you disembarking here?" he asked.

DaSouza admitted the fact. "My brother will meet me," he said. "He is afraid of the surf boats, or he would have come out to the steamer. You remember him?"

"Yes, I remember him," Trent answered. "He is not the sort of person one forgets."

"He is a very rough diamond," Da Souza said apologetically. "He has lived here so long that he has become almost half a native."

"And the other half a thief," Trent muttered.

Da Souza was not in the least offended.

"I am afraid," he admitted, "that his morals are not up to the Threadneedle Street pitch, eh, Mr. Trent? But he has made quite a great deal of money. Oh, quite a sum I assure you. He sends me some over to invest!"

"Well, if he's carrying on the same old game," Trent remarked, "he ought to be coining it! By the by, of course he knows exactly where Monty is?"

"It is what I was about to say," Da Souza assented, with a vigorous nod of the head. "Now, my dear Mr. Trent, I know that you will have your way. It is no use my trying to dissuade you, so listen. You shall waste no time in searching for Monty. My brother will tell you exactly where he is."

Trent hesitated. He would have preferred to have nothing at all to do with Da Souza, and the very thought of Oom Sam made him shudder. On the other hand, time was valuable to him and he might waste weeks looking for the man whom Oom Sam could tell him at once where to find. On the whole, it was better to accept Da Souza's offer.

Very well, Da Souza," he said, "I have no time to spare in this country and the sooner I get back to England the better for all of us. If your brother knows where Monty is, so much the better for both of us. We will land together and meet him."

Already the disembarking had commenced. Da Souza and Trent took their places side by side on the broad, flat-bottomed boat, and soon they were off shorewards and the familiar song of the Kru boys as they bent over their oars greeted their ears. The excitement of the last few strokes was barely over before they sprang upon the beach and were surrounded by a little crowd, on the outskirts of whom was Oom Sam. Trent was seized upon by an Englishman who was representing the Bekwando Land and Mining Investment company and, before he could regain Da Souza, a few rapid sentences had passed between the latter and his brother in Portuguese. Oom Sam advanced to Trent hat in hand—

"Welcome back to Attra, senor?"

Trent nodded curtly.

"Place isn't much changed," he remarked.

"It is very slowly here," Oom Sam said, "that progress is made! The climate is too horrible. It makes dead sheep of men."

"You seem to hang on pretty well," Trent remarked carelessly. "Been up country lately?"

"I was trading with the King of Bekwando a month ago," Oom Sam answered.

"Palm-oil and mahogany for vile rum I suppose," Trent said.

The man extended his hands and shrugged his shoulders. The old gesture.

"They will have it," he said. "Shall we go to the hotel, Senor Trent, and rest?"

Trent nodded, and the three men scrambled up the beach, across an open space, and gained the shelter of a broad balcony, shielded by a striped awning which surrounded the plain white stone hotel. A Kru boy welcomed them with beaming face and fetched them drinks upon a Brummagem tray. Trent turned to the Englishman who had followed them up.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I shall see you about the contracts. My first business is a private matter with these gentlemen. Will you come up here and breakfast with me?"

The Englishman, a surveyor from a London office, assented with enthusiasm.

"I can't offer to put you up," he said gloomily. "Living out here's beastly. See you in the morning, then."

He strolled away, fanning himself. Trent lit a long cigar.

"I understand," he said turning to Oom Sam, "that old Monty is alive still. If so, it's little short of a miracle, for I left him with scarcely a gasp in his body, and I was nearly done myself."

"It was," Oom Sam said, "veree wonderful. The natives who were chasing you, they found him and then the Englishman whom you met in Bekwando on his way inland, he rescued him. You see that little white house with a flagstaff yonder?"

He pointed to a little one-story building about a mile away along the coast.

"That is," Oom Sam said, "a station of the Basle Mission and old Monty is there. You can go and see him any time you like, but he will not know you."

"Is he as far gone as that?" Trent asked slowly.

"His mind," Oom Sam said, "is gone. One little flickering spark of life goes on. A day! a week! who can tell how long?"

"Has he a doctor?" Trent asked.

"The missionary, he is a medical man." Oom Sam explained. "Yet he is long past the art of medicine."

It seemed to Trent, turning at that moment to relight his cigar, that a look of subtle intelligence was flashed from one to the other of the brothers. He paused with the match in his fingers, puzzled, suspicious, anxious. So there was some scheme hatched already between this precious pair! It was time indeed that he had come.

"There was something else I wanted to ask," he said a moment or two later. "What about the man Francis. Has he been heard of lately?"

Oom Sam shook his head.

"Ten months ago," he answered, "a trader from Lulabulu reported having passed him on his way to the interior. He spoke of visiting Sugbaroo, another country beyond. If he ventured there, he will surely never return."

Trent set down his glass without a word, and called to some Kru boys in the square who carried litters.

"I am going," he said, "to find Monty."

(To Be Continued.)

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Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given secretly by any lady in tea, coffee or food. Heartily indorsed by temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Many have been cured in a single day.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

A free trial package of the wonderful Golden Remedy will be sent you by mail, in plain wrapper, if you will fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail it at once to Dr. J. W. Haines, 2304 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

You can then prove to yourself how secretly and easily it can be used, and what a God-send it will be to you.

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At Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operation and I Tell You How, Free.

I Have Proven Cancer Can be Cured at Home. No Pain, No Plaster, No Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have discovered a new and seemingly unfailing remedy for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful cures, and I will be glad to give full information free to all who write me and tell me about their case.

Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., had cancer of the mouth and throat. Doctors said, "No hope." Mr. Keagan wrote: "It is only a question of a short time—I must die." Today his cancer is healed up and he is well. My marvelous radiatized fluid did it. It has other just such cures to its credit. It is saving people every day and restoring them to health and strength. If you have cancer or any lump or sore that you believe is cancer, write today and learn how others have been cured quickly and safely and at very small expense. No matter what your condition may be, do not hesitate to write and tell me about it. I will answer your letter promptly, giving you, absolutely free, full information and proof of many remarkable cures. Address Dr. Rupert Wells, 86 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

DEVELOPING A COUNTRY

American Industry Has Pushed Forward Filipino Prosperity.

Everybody's.

Material prosperity in the Philippines has kept pace with progress along other lines. The most important problem which confronted the pioneers of development, as it did the teachers in the agricultural and trade schools, was the difficulty of impressing upon the heart and mind of the Filipino a sense of the dignity of labor; for the better class Filipino has always considered any kind of physical effort degrading. But, in spite of this, there is to the credit of American capital and enterprise the making of deep-water harbors where no harbors were before; the perfecting of the coast survey and the lighthouse service, which renders navigation comparatively safe in all parts of the archipelago; the development of inter-island transportation which gives the producer in all the islands regular opportunity to market his produce; the building and maintenance of roads and bridges; the beginnings of the development of the country's splendid mineral resources; the construction and extension of railways, and the survey of new lines in various parts of the islands, and, finally, the furthering of agriculture.

Successful agriculture is, of course, the foundation upon which the Philippine nation must build itself. And since the productiveness of the soil is almost unlimited, since almost anything will thrive luxuriantly that is given ground in which to root itself there is no reason why the nation should not build itself strongly and arrive at a time in its history when its own resources will be such that it will no longer need the protection or guidance of any other people. This is the end we are striving for.

Records in Tunnel Boring.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"World's records in the tunneling line are being broken down in Los Angeles," said Henry Martin.

"The records are being broken in the construction of the great aqueduct which will bring the waters of the Owens river from the distant high Sierras to the city of Los Angeles. Several great tunnels are necessary. On the immense Elizabeth lake bore 100 feet have been excavated during the last ten days, a world's record. The cost has been $34.19 a foot, while the board of expert engineers estimated that $75 a foot would be the lowest possible figure at which the work could be done. One mile of this tunnel is now completed.

"On the Gunnison tunnel 320 feet a month has been bored, which is considered extraordinary."

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Ind.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

FOILING A PRINCELY PLOT

The International Sunday School Lesson for November 22 Is, "Solomon Anointed King." I Kings 1:1:2:12.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The succession to the throne is a matter of absorbing interest in such countries as China, Turkey, Persia and Morocco today. It is a question which has caused many wars, especially in the Orient. It precipitated a crisis in Israel at the close of the reign of old King David. Then, as often since, aspirants for the scepter did not hesitate to conspire against the reigning monarch and against the heir apparent Adonijah, the Pretender, tried to possess himself of the kingdom ahead of Solomon, for whom David intended the throne. The result was a dramatic series of events, not without their meaning to these modern times.

The Old King.

There is something pathetic in the spectacle of old King David, 70 years of age and enfeebled by his griefs and sins and turbulent career, being obliged to do battle for his rights against his own flesh and blood, and against those who had fought by his side in many a hard campaign. The old king should have been permitted to end his days in peace and to enjoy domestic quiet after a life of action in court and field. Yet, as is the fate of most old men who possess power in any form, he was the constant object of the wiles of the designing. Even his subsequent course in the matter of Solomon was the outcome of a shrewdly devised scheme between Bathsheba and Nathan.

David's plan was that Solomon should succeed him; he trustfully supposed that this would come to pass naturally. But, as at the beginning of his career, and again during the rebellion of Absalom, so at the close of his days, he found that he must do battle for his royal prerogatives. Once in illustration of the old hymn's declaration that "We must fight if we would reign." No kingdom worth having can be kept without constant vigilance and preparedness for struggle.

The Prince's Plot.

One of the several sons of David was Adonijah, whose mother was Haggith. He was a pampered child of the palace. Of him it is significantly written that his father had never displeased him by reproving him. The young man was allowed to go his own gait—and that pace usually leads to sorrow and destruction. Adonijah, like Absalom before him, began to plot for the throne. He won over to his side even old Captain Joab, the head of David's army, and Abiathar, the high priest. In his train also followed every man who thought to better his own fortunes by treason to the king and alliance with the rebel prince. It was felt that the mistakes of Absalom had been avoided, and now that the king, with his ancient vigilance and vigor departed, was passing his closing days in quiet, they would, all unnoticed, be able successfully to raise the standard of revolt at Zoheleth.

A Woman in Politics.

Quite a little tumult was created at the time over the part that women were said to have played in the affairs of the Russian and Boer wars. They were charged with being the real force behind the powers that governed. It was commonly reported that their interference with the plans of the authorities was responsible for a great deal of the disaster that came to the Russian and British armees. That is nothing new, however. Women have mixed up in public affairs from the beginning of organized society. Long before Cleopatra swayed rulers, Bathsheba (she for whom David so grievously fell—was exercising her wiles upon the aged monarch.

David himself did not know of the turn events had taken in the kingdom. Bathsheba did; and, with Nathan's assistance, she planned that the truth should be brought dramatically to the king's attention, that he should be made to see that the power had departed from him; that Adonijah was in revolt, and that Solomon's chances of succession were imperilled. It all turned out as woman will had devised. Upon realizing the situation, the lassitude of the king was shaken off, and he at once faced the problem of insuring the scepter to Solomon.

A Conspiracy That Failed.

There was more of the king left in David than Adonijah and his fellow plotters had supposed. The revelations made by Bathsheba and Nathan stirred him to royal action. Just as the late political campaign has quickened the fighting vim of many old men who have heard in the call of one or the other party the great summons to enter the noble arena of governmental affairs, so David was roused from the commonplace habit and indifference into which he had fallen. It takes a national crisis to prove patriots; how much more a king.

Without waiting for counsels or conferences, David struck a telling blow at the usurper's cause. Hastily summoning Zadok the priest, Nathan the prophet and Benaiah, a man of affairs, he ordered them to proceed at once with the coronation of Solomon. The incident is an ancient reminder of the recent Roosevelt epigram, "The best way to parry is to hit." David did not wait for the schemes of Adonijah to have effect. He took up the true kingly thought, whom the people could rally. And when, with pomp and ceremony and regularity and royal sanction, Solomon was invested with the kingly office, the people cried aloud, "Long live King Solomon." That unexpected coup shattered the Pretender's work at the job.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt has a telling sermon upon this incident. His point is that the way to meet life's temptations and ills is not by combating the bad, but by crowning the good. Evil may best be put to flight by the coronation of righteousness. All the Adonijahs of temptation flee in terror when the Solomon of virtue is crowned. It is a good life principle, in every hour of emergency, to "crown Solomon."

A New King's Inheritance.

This royal action of David, as he abdicated the throne in favor of his son, cleared the horizon for Solomon. Adonijah's cause had been bolstered up only by cunning self-interest. When the crown was placed upon Solomon's head, the plotters disappeared. They "went every man his way," as the narrative records. Adonijah was terror-stricken, for he really knew himself to be a weakling and no match for the old king, his father. So, in mad fear, he fled to the horns of the altar, whence he issued a pitiful plea to his brother for mercy.

There was advantage to Solomon in having all the disaffected and disloyal elements in the kingdom thus revealed at the very outset of his reign. He knew where to find everybody. With these elements subdued, he had a united, loyal and prosperous kingdom. Young and untried, he succeeded to all the fruits of the forty years of his father's reign. "The fathers have labored and the sons have entered into their rest." For Solomon it only remained to fulfill the farewell exhortation of his father: "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." The only king who can reign in any realm is the man who is strong. David's weaknesses had brought him trouble; his strength had brought him power and peace. Should Solomon prove strong, or would he succumb as a weakling?

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented person. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anthing I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago and, after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, today I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SOUVENIRS

Have we been to Europe?
I should rather smile!
Piked across the continent,
Traveled round in style;
Motored from Berlin to Pest,
Watched the miles unravel—
And we've brought from every place
Souvenirs of travel.
Here's a bit from Notre Dame—
Knocked it off myself;
Gargoyle, this, from Ely's church,
Cunning little elf!
See this key from Windsor, pray—
Swiped it from the guard!
And this piece of Luther's chair—
Wood was awful hard!
Marble here from Bony's tomb—
Pretty near got caught;
Old Etruscan pottery this,
The kind that can't be bought;
Piece of Venus' hand, you see—
Artist had the trick—
Got it in the Vatican.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one tell me through these columns how to clean an Angora goat cape?—T., Uniondale, Pa.

I have a calf about six months old that has a very bad cough and scarcely eats anything. It puts out its tongue when it coughs. It has been in this condition about a month and is getting worse. Will some reader of these columns tell me what to do for it?—C., Copperhill, Va.

SAVING CORN FODDER

Fodder should be allowed to remain in the shock in the field only until it has thoroughly cured and the corn on it matured and dried but to some extent. The longer it is allowed to remain in the field after this the more will be the waste and decrease in value.

The corn shock presents relatively a large amount of surface to the weather, so that the outside stalks and blades soon become weather beaten and partly decayed. If the weather turns out wet in late fall and early winter the lower part of the corn absorbs dampness from the soil, causing it to become damaged. The shocks that do not stand up perfectly straight soon catch water and are liable to rot in almost any part. Also, in addition to waste through weather, rats and mice will begin to make thir homes in the shocks, eat some of the grain and damage the fodder, if the shocks are allowed to remain out for many weeks. Corn fodder which has been allowed to partly decay and be mussed over by rats and mice makes very poor feed and is scarcely worth hauling to the barn.

To get the most good out of corn fodder it must be got under shelter early, while stalks and blades are fresh and have a high feeding value, and the grain has not been damaged. If one has only a small amount of corn fodder, it may be hauled up and sored in the driveway of the barn or some convenient shed. Since it is to be used for early feeding, husking may be done at the time of feeding and the corn either fed or cribbed. If, however, one has much fodder and a supply to last nearly all winter, it is a good plan to husk a good sare of it to prevent the ear corn from becoming wasted, and so that the stover may be handled more easily. There is not enough barn and shed room for storing a large crop of fodder, but by husking it and binding the stover in bundles it can be placed on top of the hay in the barn. Fodder with the corn on it is heavy, difficult to handle, and goes to pieces easily.

Many farmers husk in the field from the shock, pile the corn in heaps and tie the stover in small bundles, both to be taken up at the end of each day, or as soon as possible. In this manner of handling there is but small amount of breaking of stalks and blades, hence the stover is rich feed. Some huskers have a frame device with one or two levers for bundling the stover. The stover is laced in the rack and the lever is pressed down upon it to compress it for easy tying. Others claim they can just as easily and effectively tie the bundles with simply a loop in the twine and drawing it with the foot or hand against the bundle.

Corn fodder should be bundled only when it is in good cane, as some term it. The leaves are the valuable part of the stover, and it must be handled when they are tough and will not break. This is best done in the early part of the day or on a moist day. In the middle of a dry day the leaves will break so badly in handling that half of the value of the stover will be lost. There is also an art of taking hold of a bunch of fodder from the shock and placing it on the wagon or handing it to the one who is loading. A careless or awkward hand will break the fodder all to pieces and make very slow progress and hard work of the job. The will try to handle too much at a time or take hold of it in the wrong place.

In loading corn fodder from the shock to the wagon take hold at full arm's length near the top of only as many stalks as can easily be grasped by the two hands—not the arm—and raise the load clear of the body and place it into the hands of the one who does the loading. He takes hold of the bundle just above your hands and lays it down without dragging it across the load. Unloading is done in the same way. Take only as many stalks as can easily be grasped by the hands and place it where wanted without dragging. If the fodder has been tied at the shock less care need be exercised, since he blades will be more protected.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

IMPORTANCE OF SEED CORN

By talking of seed corn at this time of year many more farmers will appreciate certain points and profit by them than later. No doubt this all important question is well understood among most circles of farmers, but not all of them are aware of what vast importance it is, and how care in the matter will improve their crops. There is such a thing as getting 100 per cent corn; that is getting corn which will give a germinating test of 100 per cent. Not more than one man in ten perhaps attains this result. More important than cultivation, preparation of the soil, and care afterward is the practice of gathering the seed early and drying it out thoroughly before freezing weather sets in. The corn grower should take time to go through the corn field just after the corn gets well dented and only those ears which meet the approval should be selected.

Two men can, without difficulty, select out fifteen or twenty bushels of very perfect corn and hang it up in one day. In some localities this task may be performed about September 1, but in the northern half of the corn belt it may run to October 1.

There is a knack in properly hanging the seed corn to attain the very best results. The corn should be hung in such a manner that one ear does not touch another ear, and arrange things so there will be plenty of ventilation betwep the ears. A good method is to stretch a dozen strands of wire across the corn crib, some high and some low, and hang the corn to these.

To sum the matter up in advance of the seed making season we will say that one man in one day will find enough good corn for the average quarter section to plant the crop the next year, and if he will take our advice and select it at the time we have stated and hang in an airy, dry place, such as we have described, we will give him our word that there will be no need next spring of going to the trouble to test even a single ear of that corn. It will grow, not 80 or 90 per cent, but 100 per cent, because the same conditions that make one ear vital in its every kernel will contribute to the same end in the case of every kernel on every ear.

SALE OF APPLES

Reports from different parts of the country indicate that this year's apple crop will be much better than last year, but the probabilities are that there will be no surplus beyond the needs of the home market. At any rate it is a bad policy for fruit growers to send out optimistic reports. Two year ago Missouri had a bumper crop. The growers commenced early to brag about the tremendous yield they were likely to get. The newspapers took it up and begged for buyers until the impression was given out that Missouri had more apples than the whole country could consume. The result was that buyers stocked up with good Missouri apples at from 75 cents to $1.25 per barrel, and they sold these same apples toward spring at from $5 to $8. This year the Missouri crop was injured by late frosts. The apple sections of Colorado and New Mexico have suffered from four different freezes since blossoming time. New York growers are not saying much, preferring to wait for developments, while Washington continues to brag, as they always do in that part of the country. Fruit growers should remember that the buyers are organized and subsidized to talk big yields for the purpose of depressing prices. When fruit growers realize the importance of organization they may learn wisdom.

THE MINORCA

London Farm and Home.

This very useful breed holds a position quite equal to the Leghorn, and is far and away the chief favorite among that large class of poultry keepers who have nothing but a back yard or tiny garden to accommodate their fowls, says the St. Louis Weekly Star. As a farmer's fowl, the Minorca has never enjoyed much popularity. It is accused of not being hardy and of being a poor winter layer, but there is little basis for the criticism. Certainly it needs day shelter in winter to encourage it to lay, but then, what breed doesn't? In the west of England it is easily the most kept breed, and in all towns, or rather suburbs, where poultry keepers are found Minorcas are to the fore. Their chief attraction in the eyes of the back-garden poultrykeeper is that, with their black plumage and dark-colored legs, they look nearly as well on an earth run as on a grass run. Secondly, they never turn broody, an important point where the owner has no space to rear chickens, and then they lay a nice, large white egg—and many of them. Again they will stand feeding on maize better than such breeds as the Black Orpington and Plymouth Rock. Altogether, as a variety for a small run, they cannot be bettered. They came to this country not long after the Spanish, and coming from the same part of Europe, the Island of Minorca being their home, were for some time confused with them, being indeed, called the Red-face Spanish in some parts; their wide popularity only dates from 1883. Breeders it must regretfully be recorded, have spoiled some strains by exaggerating the size of the comb. Says Mr. Edwrd Brown: In full-grown cocks 4 inches high by 5 inches deep by 4½ inches long is as much as any hen can profitably support. I should hope so. The falling comb worries the pullets dreadfully, while the weight of the cock's comb in exhibition specimens often causes pressure on the brain and the bird has to be dubbed to save his life. The size of the Minorca is medium, cocks scaling 6 pounds to 7 pounds; hens 5 pounds to 6 pounds. The black plumage is short and close fitting, and should show a metallic green beetle sheen, and the carriage be upright and graceful. For improving the size of eggs in another breed there is nothing to beat a Minorca cross. There is a white variety, but it is not largely kept; the legs and feet in this breed are pinky white.

SETTING TREES

The question is often asked, "When is the best time to plant trees and vines?" After many years planting in fall and spring our experience proves that fall planting of trees and vines is much the best. The fall planting gets the benefit of the early spring rains. Some years nearly double the growth is made compared with spring set trees, and a tree seldom dies in dry summer.

Of trees that should be planted in the fall we will name cherries first; next, plum, pear, apple and most all other trees except peach, which should be planted in spring. Blackberries and red raspberries, such as are propagated from suckers and root cutting like berries, currants, gooseberries, pie plant, all grow much better if planted in fall or during winter, when the ground is not frozen. The cap varieties of raspberries and strawberries we prefer to plant early in spring, but have planted them in fall with fairly good success by mulching with old half rotted straw that had no weed seed in it.

Fall planting should be done after there is frost enough to kill all the leaves. Trees and vines can be dug, shipped and planted, but if the ground is not ready, or if it is too

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ALEXANDRA AT HOME

Simple Everyday Life of the Queen of England.

Few people can realize the comparative simplicity of the everyday life of Queen Alexandra, especially when in Scotland or Sandringham, says a writer in London Town and Country. While in Norfolk the queen spends much of her time in the open air, walking, driving and doing short expeditions in her motor car.

After breakfast she and one or more of the several ladies who may be staying in the house make an expedition to kennels, stables and poultry yard to feed and interview the favorite dogs, horses and poultry of the establishment. In the afternoon a drive is arranged, and the evenings pass cheerily with music, cards and conversation. Dinner at Sandringham is always at 8:45.

It may be mentioned that the royal servants' liveries have a quaint Old World appearance and are different in cut to those seen elsewhere. The coats are scarlet, made in the swallowtail style, with dark blue waistcoats edged by narrow gold braid. The men wear no collars, but have gold stocks, and white satin breeches and white silk stockings complete their stately costume. All the royal men servants are over six feet in height.

The queen is an indefatigable letter writer. She has been known to write as many as forty letters in one day with her own hand, and Miss Knollys, her lady-in-waiting, often would get through a hundred, all written under the queen's personal supervision. Queen Alexandra's note paper is cream colored and rather rough, with the royal crown and address in dark blue and of the simplest design.

During the shooting season the queen sends a great deal of game to her own particular friends, and the hampers are labeled "With the queen's compliments." At Christmas time she often presents her intimates with a signed photograph of herself in a silver frame. Queen Alexandra is a keen photographer and has transferred some of her photographs onto china.

What Makes America Grow

Senator Beveridge, in Leslie's Weekly.

A big business country must have big business, and ours is the biggest business country in the world. Business depends upon the ease and quickness with which commodities and trade together. To stop the growth of business organizations is to stop the growth of the country. If the steel industry were run by the little concerns of 50 years ago, there would be only a fraction of the output of the people's building and transportation materials. If little shops made all the agricultural implements as they once did, fully a third of the farmers of the United States could not be supplied. Remember that as short railroad lines handled by little companies have consolidated into single systems, railway rates for freight and passengers have steadily gone down. Thirty years ago a man shipping freight from St. Louis to New York would have billed it over at least two lines of road. If he traveled from Omaha to Boston, he had to buy at least three tickets and make three changes of cars. Service is the test of theories. Shall we go backward or forward? Again, the price of the raw materials that go into wagons and agricultural implements has increased, while the price of wagons and agricultural implements has gone down, and at the same time those wagons and agricultural implements today are guaranteed. Politicians denounce big business; but ask the farmer if he is willing to go back to the blacksmith shop for his plows, harrows, wagons and reapers.

EMBARRASSING

Lippincott's Magazine.

A rather pompous-looking deacon in a certain city church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded:

"Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them.

"Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright-eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.

TWO-GALLON CRYSTAL GLOBE BEAUTIFUL LIVE GOLD FISH FREE

If you wish to own this EXTRA LARGE, two-gallon, pure crystal glass Gold Fish Aquarium containing **six beautiful, fancy, live gold fish**, handsome castle ornament and a year's supply of fish food just as illustrated, **simply WITHOUT ONE CENT OF MONEY, send us your name** and we send it to you at once by express. **All Charges Prepaid.** We will also forward to you, prepaid, 10 one-pound cans Midland Baking Powder and 16 smaller Gold Fish Globes with two beautiful, **live** gold fish for each. Sell the 10 cans baking powder at 50c per can, **presenting each customer with a globe containing two live gold fish.** Understand, we not only **give you your** splendid premium in advance but trust you with the baking powder and premium globes and fish; and we **prepay the charges to your station.** Your customers will buy the baking powder at sight to get the bowl of gold fish.

THE MIDLAND MANUFACTURING CO., Incorporated, Desk F. TOLEDO, OHIO.

You get this large, 2-gallon globe with 6 fancy live gold fish, handsome castle and food free.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

EDWARD E. HALE

Please give a sketch of Edward Everett Hale.—I. B., Berkey, O.

Erward Everett Hale, the American Unitarian clergyman and author, was born April 3, 1822. Young Hale was educated at Harvard college. Later he studied theology, and after being licensed to preach, he was made pastor of the Church of the Unity, in Worcester, Mass. He held this position from 1846 to 1856. Hale then became the pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, and has been its pastor emeritus from 1901. As a preacher Hale has always been popular. Since his retirement from active pastoral work he has been active in various religious enterprises. He still continues to preach and lecture at frequent intervals. Hale is best known to Americans in general as an author. His writings are numerous. One of his best known is the short story, "The Man Without a Country." This story has been long accounted an American classic.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAY

Will you give an account of the building of the National Highway?—R. T. H., Rockefeller, Ill.

Henry Clay was the person largely responsible for the construction of the highway across the Appalachian mountains. It was only through his perseverance that congress made enough appropriations to build the road. The highway connected the District of Columbia with the Ohio river. Commenced in 1806, and built at a cost of $1,800,000, it was the first internal improvement of any magnitude undertaken at public expense. Before the close of the year 1831 over $200,000 had been expended upon it in repairs. The road ran from a point nearly opposite Steubenville, Ohio, and Wheeling, in West Virginia, through Ohio and Allegheny counties to Cumberland, thence through Cumberland and Washington counties and in Frederick county to Frederickton, all in Maryland. Connecting there was a road that led to Baltimore and one that led to Washington, D. C. The national road had a uniform width of 80 feet, and was afterwards extended westward from the Ohio river to Indianapolis.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

Please give an account of the gunpowder plot.—S. S., Bronson, Mich.

The gunpowder plot was a conspiracy formed in England in 1604 by Robert Catesby, and a small band of Roman Catholics, who, goaded into excitement by the penal laws directed against their faith and its professors, aimed to blow up the Houses of Parliament by gunpowder November 5, 1605. A anonymous letter of warning sent to one of the ministers led to the discovery of the plot and the arrest and execution of various conspirators. Among those put to death was Guy Fawkes, who had been caught in the vault below the House of Lords with matches ready to fire the train.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

Will you give an account of the St. Bartholomew massacre?—S. S., Bronson, Mich.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred in the various cities of France between August 24, 1572, and October 3, 1572. The king of France became so enraged in believing a certain Huguenot was plotting to kill him that he ordered the execution of all the Huguenots of France. On the night chosen the Catholic burghers attacked the Huguenots and massacred nearly every one. By the king's orders the massacre was extended through the whole kingdom. The slaughter continued for 40 days. The victims are calculated from 10,000 to 100,000. At Rome the massacre was reported as a victory over a great Huguenot conspiracy against the king; it was for this reason the pope ordered the Te Deum to be chanted and a medal struck commemorating the event.

MRS. CLEVELAND

Please give a sketch of the life of Frances Folsom Cleveland.—C. L. M., Nashville, Mich.

Frances Folsom Cleveland, the widow of Grover Cleveland, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., July 21, 1864. Her father was a lawyer and former partner of Grover Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland graduated from Wells College in 1885. She married President Cleveland in the White House June 2, 1886.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Please give all the information you can about Joel Chandler Harris.—E. M. E., Athens, Pa.

J. C. Harris, the American journalist and author, was born December 8, 1848, and died recently. He began his career as a printer's apprentice. He has been connected with several newspapers. Harris became editor of the Atlanta Constitution in 1890. The series of "Uncle Remus" sketches and songs which have given him an international reputation were first printed in the Constitution. He has also written several books.

PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

Will you please explain the presidential succession?—W. M. S., Owosso, Mich.

In case the President is removed or resigns from office; also if he dies or is unable to discharge the duties of the office, the duties devolve upon the Vice-President. The constitution of the United States provides for this. The power to provide for further contingencies is left to congress. This congress did in a bill approved January 19, 1886. Its provisions are as follows: In case of inability on the part of both President and Vice-President, the executive office falls to the cabinet officers in the following order, provided the officer on whom it devolves has been confirmed by the senate, and is, by birth and otherwise, qualified to hold the office. The secretaries of state, of the treasury, of war, the attorney-general, the post master-general, the secretaries of the navy, of the interior, of agriculture, and of commerce and labor.

POPULAR VOTE

Will you give the popular vote for president in 1904 and 1908 on the Socialist. Socialist Labor and Prohibition tickets? How many congressmen did the Socialists elect in the recent election?—G. J. L., French Creek, W. Va.

The popular vote of 1904 was, on the Socialist ticket, 402,283; the Socialist Labor, 31,249; the Prohibition, 258,536. We cannot give the popular vote of 1908 or the number of Socialists elected to congress.

THE HORSE-LATITUDES

Please tell why the name horse-latitudes was given to a certain belt of calms in the Atlantic ocean.—R. H. P., Mineral Bluff, Ga.

The horse-latitudes is a belt of the Atlantic ocean where calms prevail, so called in the colonial times when vessels carrying horses from New England to the West Indies were sometimes obliged, when detained there, to throw overboard part of their cargo for want of water.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY

Will you please tell how appointments are made to the United States Military Academy? In what studies is an applicant examined?—A. H. B., Perry, Mich.

Each senator, congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia and Porto Rico—is entitled to have one cadet at the academy. There are also 40 appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 523.

Appointments are usually made one year in advance of the date of admission, by the secretary of war, upon the nomination of the senator or representative. These nominations may either be made after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the representative. The representative may nominate two legally qualified second candidates, to be designated alternates. The alternates will receive from the war department a letter of appointment, and will be examined with the regular appointee, and the best qualified will be admitted to the academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the military academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography and the elements of physical geography, especially the geography of the United States, United States history, the outlines of general history, and the principles of physiology and hygiene.

The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years, and is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, English, French, drawing, drill regulations of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, chemical physics, mineralogy, geology, electricity, history, international, constitutional and military law, Spanish, civil and military engineering, art and science of war, and ordnance and gunnery. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over one-half the remainder are finally graduated. The discipline is very strict, even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offenses is inflexible rather than severe. Academic duties begin September 1 and continue until June 1. Examinations are held in each December and June, and cadets found proficient in studies and correct conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is $609.50 per year, and, with proper economy, is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about 470.

Upon graduating cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. The whole number of graduates from 1802 to 1904, inclusive, has been 4,338. It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his senator or member of congress. The appointments by the president are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army and navy, who, by reason of their shifting residence, due to the necessities of the service, find it next to impossible to obtain an appointment otherwise.

CHARLES DICKENS

Will you be kind enough to give a biography of Charles Dickens?—A. S. M., Ironton, Mo.

Charles Dickens was born near Portsmouth, Eng., February 7, 1812. His father was a government clerk, who subsequently removed to London and became a parliamentary reporter. Charles received a good education and was placed as a clerk in an attorney's office, but not liking the routine of the law he abandoned it for the work of a reporter. He began by taking down parliamentary speeches, but soon found a more congenial field of labor in writing sketches of the various phases of life in London. His first series of sketches, over the nom de plume of "Boz," were published in the Morning Chronicle. In 1838 The Pickwick Papers began to appear in the Monthly Magazine. The work fairly electrified the reading world of London, and the young novelist leaped into fame. Before the story was completed Mr. Dickens had been offered the position of editor of Bentley's Miscellany, and had begun a new novel—Oliver Twist—in its columns. His next works were Nicholas Nickelby, The Old Curiosity Shop and Barnaby Rudge. Just after the completion of the last named work, in 1842, Mr. Dickens made his first visit to America. After his return he wrote American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit. He also began about this time his annual Christmas story with the issue of The Christmas Carol. He traveled on the continent part of the years 1844-45, and on coming home, joined with some friends in starting the London Daily News. He did not enjoy political writing, however, and gave up his connection with the News to found a new weekly periodical, Household Words. After some years, through some disagreement with the publishers, he resigned charge of the periodical and started another, All the Year Round, of which he was editor until the year of his death. For this magazine he wrote the sketches called The Uncommercial Traveler and many of his best short tales. His later novels were Dombey and Son (1848), David Copperfield (1850), Hard Times (1854), A Tale of Two Cities (1860), Great Expectations (1861), Our Mutual Friend (1865). His last work was The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which he began to issue in monthly numbers in 1869, but he died before its completion. During the later years of his life Mr. Dickens gained much profit by reading selections from his writings. He made a tour through the United States giving readings in 1867-68. He died suddenly, June 8, 1870, from apoplexy.

MAIZE

Where did our common corn originate; and how were the different varieties introduced?—A. L. Q., Webb City, Ark.

Some writers assert that maize, or Indian corn, was known in the early history of the world to the Chinese, founding their theory on drawings of a similar grain in ancient Chinese manuscripts. If this were true, the culture of the grain was wholly lost in later years. There has been much discussion on the subject, but Alphonse de Candolle, who may be regarded as an authority on the subject, in his valuable work, Origin of Cultivated Plants, says: "Maize is of American origin, and was not introduced into the old world until after the discovery of the new." It was found by the first explorers of the western hemisphere to be in cultivation by the natives, from New England to Chile, but is is thought to have originated in the highlands of Peru and Bolivia, as traces of it have been found there in ancient tombs and in geological deposits with the earliest traces of man in that locality. As to the present existing varieties of corn, it may be noted that the maize plant is affected in a remarkable degree by climate and soil, and a local variety can be established at any time by the selection and continuous sowing for a few years of seed showing any striking peculiarity. All the varieties in cultivation in the United States, from the smallest kind of popcorn to the enormous specimens of maize grown in the western and southern states, are of but one species, and owe their differences to peculiarities of climate and soil and to continued selection in cultivation.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. E. K., Hosmer, S. D.: Write to the land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

W. S. C., Rumsey, Ky.: Millard Fillmore was a Unitarian the same as Taft.

A. E. M., Cape Vincent, N. Y.: Write to some nursery.

J. R. E., Stocksville, N. C.: There was no president at the time of the Revolutionary war.

George III, King of England, was the nominal ruler of the American colonies but the continental congress actually ruled the colonies.

I. V. M., Walsh, Ill.: We cannot tell you what astronomers claim in regard to the earth's rotation.

A. L. K., Clinton, Mich.: We cannot tell why London is called the "silent city."

E. R. F., Olympia, W. Va.: The term "Jim Crow" is the typical name of the negro.

B. H. C., Bebo, Ind.: We cannot give you the number of electoral and popular votes cast at the recent election. The exact count has not been made. Walt until it has and an article will appear in The Blade. In 1900 W. J. Bryan received 6,358,789 popular votes.

F. J. M., Golden, Col.: James G. Sherman is the son of Richard U. Sherman and not General Sherman. He is a member of the Dutch Reformed church. As has been told innumerable times in these columns we say that W. H. Taft is a Unitarian.

J. W. P., Strattonville, Pa.: A cubic yard of bituminous coal weighs approximately 2,190 pounds.

J. G. B., Aspinwall, Pa.: The bureau rules do not permit you to ask more than one question at a time.

J. R. E., Leesburg, Fla.: Write to the Secretary of State, Frankfort, Ky.

A. F., Conneautville, Pa.: We cannot give you a sketch of Mary Dallas.

H. C. L., Ahmego, N. M.: We cannot give a biography of Dr. Tanner, the man who fasted forty days.

LAUNCHINGS

Can't you hear the greased ways creaking?
See each shape as it uplooms?
Can't you hear them strike the water?
'Tis the launching of the booms.

Some beside the broad Atlantic
Some beside Pacific's wave,
On the Wabash and Ohio
Or where Podunk's ripples lave.

Some in fine champagne are christened
Of a brand well known to fame;
With the deacon's cider barrel
Others still receive their name.

By the great horn spoon, 'tis touching!
When their logs shall tell the tale—
All, save one, of that brave squadron
Up Salt river has to sail.

—Brooklyn Life.

Navy Building

Washington Post.

The feverish race in the building of Dreadnaughts, into which practically all the great powers have entered, threatens to materially change the status of comparative naval power within the next few years. A writer in the Fortnightly Review, in urging upon Great Britain the necessity of greatly increasing its naval construction program, declares that unless that is done immediately Great Britain must abandon the long-maintained two-power standard. He points out that if the present building programs be carried out, in 1914 Great Britain will have only 33 battleships of the greatest power, against the 80 Dreadnaughts and Indomitables of Germany, France, the United States and Japan, ignoring the efforts of Russia in the rehabilitation of her navy. The German navy act of 1908 provides for the construction, within the next four years, of twelve battleships like the Dreadnaught and four battleship-cruisers like the Indomitable. If the United States desires to keep her relative rank among the naval powers of the world the next congress will have to go deep into the war chest. Meanwhile the demand for an international limitation of armaments have sunk to an almost inaudible whisper.

Maori Navigators.

London Standard.

"When the United States fleet steamed into New Zealand waters," writes an Auckland correspondent, "the magnificent array of warships left one section of the community wholly unmoved. No Maori could be brought to see anything wonderful about it. They have traditions of their own about navigation, and when they recall the fact that their ancestors explored the Antarctic in their big decked canoes, discovered America, populated Japan and sailed the Pacific from end to end, you cannot convince them that there is anything remarkable about the visit of the United States battleships. All the way from the Siam peninsula to New Zealand and up to the northward beyond Sakhalin, the Maoris, according to their own legends, have left their traces; and it is certainly a curious fact that there are hundreds of words in Malaysian dialects which are still part of the Maori vernacular of today."

AN AFTERNOON DRIVE

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

Hetty, the second daughter of Mrs. Watkins, was recovering from a serious illness and was in the stage of convalescence when the outdoor air was recommended by the doctor to hasten her cure.

"Keep her out as much as you can," he said, "and the fresh air will do the rest."

"Indeed I will, doctor," Mrs. Watkins assured him, "but I'm th' thankful to have her alive and gettin' well I can hardly bear to have her out of my sight. I'll just drop everything and 'tend to Hetty's cure. Nothing else counts when there's sickness in the family. We've got her up and around the house, and that's more'n I expected, one spell."

The tears filled Mrs. Watkins' eyes at thought of the anxiety so recently past. She brushed them away with the back of her hand, and her broad, good-natured face resumed its usual cheerful expression.

"Good land!" she exclaimed, "what's the use of feelin' bad about something that's done with and over? Hetty is alive and gettin' well. We're all alive, and that's a blessing. I'd hate to die yet awhile. I suppose I can count on having trouble here on earth, but I want to live to see to it, and that's what I'm intending."

Mrs. Watkins tossed her troubles aside as lightly as though they were feathers. Being poor never oppressed her for long.

"We manage to get through some way," she said, "and we've never gone hungry. Anyway, I always feel rich when I'm out having a good time. I forget all about being poor until I come home and see what we haven't got."

Mr. Watkins was not one who could be called a dependable man. For several years he had been engaged in hunting for a "steady job," and this seemed to require considerable traveling about, so he was seldom at home. Occasionally he contributed a small amount of money to the support of his family. A contribution of this sort Mrs. Watkins called "a windfall," and it was usually spent for something other than necessities.

"It's just like finding it," she explained. "I've had to get over dependin' on Watkins. He's a real pleasant and handy man to have around, but not what you can call a good provider, so when he does remember us with a little ready money I feel like making it an occasion of celebration and rejoicing. We spend it real wild."

As nothing certain could be looked for from Mr. Watkins, his wife, with the financial assistance of friends, opened a small shop, and from its slender profits she managed to support herself and her four children in homely comfort. Gladys, her eldest born, as soon as she was old enough, went to work in a department store. She was quick and bright, and, at the age of nineteen, was receiving sufficient pay to enable her to help at home, and to be a "stylish dresser." This was her mother's expression, and the manner in which she said it proved how proud she was of her eldest daughter.

"Gladys ain't what you'd call exactly pretty, but she's an awful stylish dresser, and she's that smart—! No danger but that she'll get along and have what she wants," she frequently remarked.

Gladys, as the most important member of the family, was inclined to be dictatorial and critical of her mother's haphazard ways.

"If you'd have some order about you, Ma, like we do at the store, the house wouldn't be in such a mess," she often told Mrs. Watkins.

And as often her mother replied, "Yes, I s'pose so, but what's the use of fussing if things ain't just so?"

Hetty was the next in age to Gladys, and, never very strong, stayed at home and took care of the shop when she was able. Mrs. Watkins' family was completed by two boys, aged respectively eight and ten years, and named respectively, John Alexander Watkins and Henry Albert Watkins. John and Henry were healthy, lively youngsters, and, having no fear of their mother's intermittent discipline, there never was any danger of life being dull in the Watkins home for lack of noise and confusion.

"Let 'em have a good time while they may," Mrs. Watkins said. "I'd rather have 'em laugh and holler the roof off than to hear 'em cry."

Figuratively speaking, they raised the roof several times a day.

It was shortly after the doctor had given directions to keep Hetty out-of-doors as much as possible, that a "windfall" came from Mr. Watkins.

"Now I call this the hand of Providence operating Watkins," said Mrs. Watkins when she received the registered letter in which her husband had enclosed five dollars. "We'll have a real spree on this. It'll do Hetty good to have a long ride in the country. I'll get a two-seated rig so we all can go. It'll be a real pleasure," she confided to the postman, "and we'll make it an extra occasion of celebration and rejoicing."

It was a Saturday morning in the fall of the year when the letter arrived. The warm sunshine and soft air made the day almost like summer, and Mrs. Watkins planned to go driving that afternoon.

"Hetty ought to have the sun shining on her while it lasts. This weather may hold, and then again it mayn't; anyway, I don't believe in putting off a good time until tomorrow if you can have it today. You want to take it while it's going."

Mrs. Watkins had no scruples about closing her shop if she was so inclined.

"My customers know if they don't find the shop open one time, they will another. When we're going away, I always write on a slate where we're gone to and when we're coming back. I set the slate in the window and it's sort of entertaining readin' for folks when the shop is closed. They like to know what I'm up to, and it keeps 'em good-natured and willing to come again. Gladys says, 'tisn't business, but there's people that's got the habit of buying at the shop, just by stopping to read the slate."

This was Mrs. Watkins' explanation of the matter.

Having decided upon taking a drive in the afternoon, Mrs. Watkins summoned John and Henry, and gave to them the delightful task of ordering "the rig."

"Tell 'em we want a good, strong, well-behaved horse that a woman can drive without getting scared, and a good, comfortable, two-seated buggy with a top to it. There'll be five of us to go, anyway, and maybe more. I never can tell till I get started how many I'm going to have with me before I get through. Tell 'em to have the rig here by one o'clock sharp, so we can have a long afternoon."

"Aw, ma, kin we go, kin we?" shouted John and Henry, jumping up and down, excitedly.

"Why, of course you can, darlings. You'll have to clean yourselves up first, though. If there's any dirt left around you haven't got on you, I don't know it. You ought to have a regular scrubbing."

"Ah, ma," wailed John and Henry, "we washed this morning; honest we did, clear 'way behind our ears. We don't need to wash again, do we? Ah, ma," they whimpered in tones of injury.

"Yes, you do," their mother returned firmly. "I don't know but what you better wash now before you go for the rig. Nobody'll think you come from folks who've got money enough to hire one."

"Aw, ma, we know the livery man. It's most twelve o'clock now. We've gotta hurry."

"Why, so 'tis," returned their mother. "I'd no idea it was so late. Well, run along. You can wash when you get back."

John and Henry, made joyful by this respite, clattered away with a noise that sounded like some one falling down stairs.

"We might as well shut up the shop so's not to be hindered by customers runnin' in," Mrs. Watkins said to Hetty. "It'll make pretty high sounding reading to put on the slate: 'Gone a-driving.' Will be back towards evening.' I guess I'll run over to the grocery and 'phone to Gladys. It's lucky that windfall came Saturday when she has the afternoon off."

"Ma, if you don't quit talking and begin to get ready, we'll never get started," Hetty interrupted querulously. "Gladys always comes home 'fore one on Saturdays. I want to know what I'm going to wear. I haven't anything fit to be seen."

"Well, now, honey, you won't show much in a buggy. Riding that way, folks'll think you have clothes, even if you ain't dressed up. Wait till Gladys comes; she'll fix you something. We must have a bite to eat 'fore we go, I'll just set out a mouthful or two on the table. John and Henry will be hungry—they always are—and Gladys usually comes home starved on Saturdays."

Mrs. Watkins was very leisurely in her movements, and, having a good deal of talking to do, it took her longer than she realized to prepare a make-shift meal.

"It's such a comfort to see you begin to look hearty," she said to Hetty, while they were eating. "You've got a real pretty color in your cheeks."

"Have I, ma?" Hetty asked, looking pleased.

"Yes, you have, and you look real pretty," complimented her mother. "I'd like to know where those boys are," she said in the next breath, suddenly remembering the flight of the moments since they had gone. "They ought to be back."

"They're here, ma. I should think you'd know by the racket they're making. They've come with the rig. And here we haven't even started to get ready," put in Hetty. "Do hurry."

"Ma, ma, ain't you ready? Hurry up, ma," shrilled John and Henry from the street.

"My land," exclaimed Mrs. Watkins, "where has the time gone to!"

"Of course Gladys had to be late today," Hetty fretted. "Ma, what am I going to wear? It's after one and we haven't started yet."

"Ma, ma, ain't you most ready? We've got a dandy rig. Hurry up!" shouted John and Henry.

At this moment Gladys came in. Her cheeks were flushed with rapid walking, and her fair hair, fluffed by the wind, curled becomingly around her sharp little face.

"My, but you're a picture!" her mother said, clasping her hands admiringly. "We're going driving and I want you to help Hetty get ready. She hasn't got anything to wear."

"Going driving!" echoed Gladys. "Why, it's going to rain. I hustled myself home to get here before it commenced. It's sprinkling now," she said, looking out of the window.

"Why, so 'tis," agreed Mrs. Watkins cheerfully, after she had inspected the weather, "and here I never noticed the sun wasn't shining!"

"Ma, can't we go, can't we go?" wailed John and Henry.

"You can take the rig back to the stable and tell 'em we didn't use it. That'll give you some ride, but we can't go driving today. Now, Hetty, don't you look so disappointed. It's a mercy we didn't get started. We'd have been caught in the rain and wet to our skins, most likely. If it's pleasant tomorrow we'll go. We've still got the windfall and the first chance we get we'll spend it real wild. Now I'll go open the shop and take the slate out of the window. After all, it's a comfort to know we have a pleasure a-coming, instead of having it done with and over," said Mrs. Watkins.

SEATTLE EXPOSITION GETS WORLD WIDE INTEREST

One day in the fall of 1906 the people of Seattle subscribed $650,000 for stock in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Only half a million had been asked for, but so much in earnest were the people that they generously oversubscribed. The capital stock was accordingly raised to $650,000. All this was done after several months of agitation. Then came the demand from all the states and many foreign countries of the Pacific that the proposed exposition be broadened to include the mighty Pacific. This was done and the capital stock raised to $800,000, the balance being subscribed at once by the people of Seattle and Washington.

This sum of money with the $1,100,000 given by the state legislature and the various county appropriations made a grand total of nearly $2,200,000. Within the last month, however, the demands of exhibitors for space and the general plan of making much of the work on the grounds and buildings permanent, made it necessary to enlarge the scope of the exposition. The incorporation of the word "Pacific" in the title of the exposition was like a magic wand, for the countries across the Pacific as well as many European countries accepted the invitations to participate. It finally became necessary to have more money. The directors decided upon a bond issue, as every other great exposition had done. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bonds at a rate of interest close to eight per cent were ordered sold. The local banks offered to take the entire issue, but the directors wished the people to have the advantage of the bonds.

Two weeks' advertising brought characteristic Seattle results. The bonds were sold in lots from $100 to $11,000 to a total of $190,000 to private individuals and firms. The banks took the balance and resold them to subscribers who were late in making their offers. Nearly 500 individuals now hold these bonds. This, perchance, will show that Seattle means business in backing the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and is determined that it shall be a huge success as far as money can make it. And it is now felt that with the financial side settled, there is no doubt about its success, for the vast number of inquiries from distant points indicate a far-reaching interest.

Work on the exposition buildings and grounds is going forward rapidly. Within the next 30 days, work will start upon the last of the building groups, including the five government buildings, the Women's, Forestry, Missouri, Spokane, King County, Machinery Annex and other buildings. Plans are being considered for several annex buildings to take care of the scores of applicants for space. A dozen concessionaries have started work. The laying of asphalt on the 11 miles of roads and walks has started. The great central Court of Honor is finished. Exhibits are arriving and are being stored in the buildings now completed. In fact, were the exposition to open a month earlier than the set date, June 1st, it would be ready and complete in every detail.

HOW QUINCY GOT THE NEWS

E. D. Eldridge in Boston Herald.

John Quincy Adams, in the year 1824, was chosen President by the house of representatives, there being no choice by the people. Of the electoral votes John Quincy Adams had 84, Andrew Jackson had 99, W. H. Crawford had 41 and Henry Clay 37. Mr. Adams was elected by the states' votes—13 states—and Mr. Adams had more than half and was declared to be constitutionally elected President of the United States. There was great rejoicing among the friends of Mr. Adams, especially among the townspeople of the town of Quincy. At that early day there were no railroads, no telephones or telegraphs. It took many days and weeks to bring news from Washington, and so anxious were the good people of Quincy to hear who was elected President that a relay of horses and riders were selected to bring the news. They started from Washington, one set to Baltimore, another from Baltimore to Philadelphia, another to New York and the next to Boston, and from Boston to Quincy, and when the horse and rider arrived at Quincy it happened to be Sunday and the good people were at church, and while the church services were going on the horse's hoofs made so much noise with its clattering that it made a large number of the townspeople shout: "What's the matter?"

The courier bringing the news of Mr. Adams' election had urged his horse with so much speed that the sweat and foam were rolling off the horse's back, and the courier arrived at the old church door and hurried up the steps and then down the broad aisle and shouted in stentorian tones: "John Quincy Adams is elected President of the United States." Prayer and praise were discontinued and congratulations were offered to one another that the good town of Quincy had been honored by having another President of the United States, and among the number who heard the report of the courier and whose heart was brimful of joy was the venerable John Adams, ex-President of the United States and father of John Quincy Adams. Mr. John Adams was 89 years old, and his heart was full of joy to think that his little son, now grown to man's estate, yes, "little Johnny," was elected President.

It was the church home of his father and mother. He often repeated to me this little story of the courier walking up the broad aisle and announcing that John Quincy Adams was elected President; and told me of that large number who were in the church and saw the courier and witnessed the scenes of that historic incident.

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Story of Heart Interest

A Certain Little Old Man, who always seemed to be enjoying himself, though nobody could see what he had to Live for, noticed two persons in the same boarding house with himself who were Unattached and very Lonely. It used to Distress him to think maybe they were Unhappy. He accordingly set about to See if he couldn't bring some Sunshine into their Lives.

As an Entertainer He wasn't qualified to hold a Crowd. But he persevered in a scheme that he honestly thought was Original; he had never read Shakespeare.

He asked Miss Lily why she didn't like Mr. Lonely. She replied, Bewildered, that she supposed Mr. Lonely was a very estimable young man. "Estimable young man!" the other exclaimed. "My dear young woman, what an adjective to throw at a man who is eating his heart out because you won't look at him!" Whereupon she blushed and begged him to Desist. But he did not. This was the entering Wedge.

In the same way he crept up on Mr. Lonely as he was pulling at a long black cigar one night. "I tell you," he began, "Miss Lily is a great girl. I wish I had some show with her." Mr. Lonely grunted an unsympathetic something and went on Puffing. Then the Little Old Man whirled on him Viciously and asked him How he could treat the sweetest Creature that ever stepped from Eden into a cheap Boarding house as he was treating Miss Lily. The shock nearly paralyzed Mr. Lonely. He wouldn't have knowingly hurt a fly.

Mr. Lonely couldn't sleep for worrying over what his fellow boarder had confided to him. To think of Miss Lily loving him! It was incredible, but—

Now Miss Lily in her Hall-room was debating the same question from the other Side. "Poor Mr. Lonely," she was thinking, "the least I can do is to show him I am inclined to be friendly."

The first thing they knew their eyes were meeting across the Table, when they Desert was a disappointment. Sometimes, when a cruel lot of Men and Women tried to separate her from the Solitary strap to which she clung in the Subway it was comforting to think if Mr. Lonely were only here he would find her a seat.

Miss Lily sat on the hall sofa, pensively gazing at the hat rack. Mr. Lonely puffed the everlasting black cigar outside on the Stoop. The Little Old Man was close beside him. Over the river a full moon was rising. Down the street a hurdy gurdy ground out something about a man who was afraid to go Home in the Dark. The Little Old Man remarked that for Himself he thought it was Pretty to have a Home to go To. Then Love Entered Into the Lonely had ever stopped to Think how Different a glass of Pink Soda water, such as they sell down at the Corner, tastes when you drink it with some one who loves you? Mr. Lonely gloomily replied that he was Afraid he hadn't. The Little Old Man crammed the suggestion into his ear that he try it Now, and mentioned Yonder was Miss Lily!

One day Miss Lily stood up under a Long white veil and Mr. Lonely had the look on his face of a person who has just bought a round trip

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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We are reminded to ask, how large is the presidential chair?

Very few people in this country would care to trade President Roosevelt for the kaiser.

It doesn't help prosperity to stand around and remark: "Well, you'll have to show me."

Being elected to the vice presidency cost Mr. Sherman $2,800 and one continuous smile.

Has the Standard Oil company all the technicalities on its side of that $29,400,000 case?

Few people can envy the job of the man who has to give Emperor William a call down.

It is easy for a Republican to win the Solid South after he has been elected to the presidency.

When a soulmate hits a man with a chair does it hurt as much as the old-fashioned rolling-pin?

President Roosevelt would look good in Senator Platt's place, because he would be so different.

When a man of seventy leads a bride to the altar it is a sign that marriage isn't a failure.

The very first victim who is sat upon by the next President of the United States will know it.

One trouble with a universal language is that so many men could not stay at home long enough to learn it.

Somebody has found a Russian 135 years old. Pause, gentle reader, and think of living in Russian 135 years.

A Boston woman is suing for divorce because her husband threw a pie in her face. It must not have hit the right spot.

In the interest of peace the United States has launched the biggest battleship afloat. It is not easy to lose Uncle Sam.

The story that Emperor William was up in the air probably led to the rumor that he had taken a ride in an airship.

"I'll go where you want me to go" is said to be Mr. Bryan's favorite hymn. "'Way back and sit down" is the answer.

"It's a Solid South in its welcome to visitor Taft," says the Atlanta Constitution. It better be solid when Taft steps on it.

The Duke of Abruzzi is tired of the discussion concerning his marriage plans. But that is what he gets for being a duke.

Mr. Taft explains that he doesn't walk with the President or hunt with the President. He has to draw the line somewhere.

The people of France are drifting around to the point where they are in favor of more babies—for other people.

The candidates who were "beaten to a frazzle" are not the ones who are asking about the definition of the phrase.

If being a chancellor of a university gives a man the right to talk at all times Mr. Bryan might accept something of that kind.

The trouble with Emperor William is that he talks too much, an affliction that often visits itself upon men of less prominence.

Mr. Baer's excuse for keeping up the price of coal is that the people will pay. The same argument might be used in the case of turkeys.

A Denver man says "Bryan is with the immortals." Which will make it difficult for the other immortals to get in a word edgewise.

The strange part of it is that President Castro didn't banish the Venezuela physician who advised him to go to Europe for his health.

Mrs. Howard Gould thinks $200,000 a year about right for a "lady" to live on. It is assumed that a woman could get along on much less.

A Pennsylvania woman aged 85 dropped dead while paying her taxes. A woman of that age should be drawing a pension instead of paying taxes.

The Rhode Island man who supplies turkeys for the White House Thanksgiving dinner will have to raise a whopper for next year.

Nat Goodwin is married again. A few weeks ago Nat said he was through with matrimony, but he had his fingers crossed when he said it.

Democratic newspapers that advised against the nomination of Mr. Bryan at Denver are getting almost as much fun out of the result of the election as the Republicans.

A fellow doesn't always know where to place his sympathy. A Massachusetts man with fifty children was arrested for non-support of recently arrived twins.

It is not easy to understand why there should be so much talk about the phrase "beaten to a frazzle." For a number of years the Democrats have known its meaning.

NICHOLAS.

From the history of the Russian conflict with Japan it is learned that Czar Nicholas permitted the war to come and the hostilities to continue in order to protect the sums he had invested from his private fortune in the Yalu timber concession. He not merely broke faith with China and Japan, refused to obey the treaty which he had signed, but he encouraged the soldiery to invade Korean territory so as to hasten the clash of arms. And all for the purpose of saving a personal fortune which, in the end, he did not save, and never had a chance of doing, so Kuropatkin thought.

It becomes easy then to understand the policy of Nicholas toward the revolutionists. To protect the tottering throne he takes the obvious course, the way that seems the easiest and one where he is relieved of the boredom of diplomacy. To kill a rebel halts the rebellion so far as that one man is concerned, and to hang forty puts an end to forty rebellious. This is the argument of the Czar, one not without logic, but wanting in an understanding of human nature. True, the outbreaks in Russia have ceased. There is no more the mutinying of garrisons, the burning of the homes of landlords, the assaults on banks. They were the outward evidences of the revolution and seemed to the world without to spell the early flight of the royal family. But the revolution is still on in Russia. It must be, or there would not come those reports of drumhead courtmartials, of the shooting of a score or so of agitators, of the banishment of politicians and the closing of the universities which have been the hotbeds of republicanism.

A few travelers, too, have brought news from Russia which the censors could not blacken with their stamps. They say that the Reign of Terror continues, but it is a terror of the night, the constant, never-ending threat which is making wrecks of the strong men bound to the Czar's cause and keeping even Nicholas himself at a tension of expectation of calamity. But the Czar, being the man he is, can see only the one remedy, the one simple, terrible expedient.

EL MEDINA BY RAIL.

All aboard for Medina! The pilgrim now southward bound for the tomb of the prophet climbs into cars built in faraway Germany, is hauled at twenty miles an hour over the route of the ancient pilgrimage from Damascus, skirts the sea of Galilee a few hours out, soon comes within short walking distance of the Dead Sea, beholds before twilight the ruins of Petra, and in the night goes to sleep journeying through the deserts El-Hisma and the grazing lands of Wulad Soliman. In the morning he disembarks at Medina, the second of the two great holy cities of Islam. The west has come into the east, trailing its smoke and blowing its whistle. Some day not far away it will penetrate to the holy of holies, the city of Mecca.

Early in 1900 Abdul Hamid fathered a railroad project from Damascus to Medina and Mecca. He gave largely of his private fortune to the scheme and offered prayers that he might live, though he were the most famous sick man of the east, until the line should be completed. Eight years and a few months after, the road entered Medina, into which Sir Richard Burton, the great Orientalist, came disguised as an Afghan pilgrim less than a quarter of a century ago at the risk of his life.

It is hard to realize how immense a step this is in the adoption of the material forms of western civilization. The railroad was held in abomination in Turkey not so very long since. But to dive into the sands of Arabia, to pursue the course where caravans have plodded slowly and painfully for centuries, buoyed up by a powerful religion, this were the very climax of iconoclasm. And it is built, this railroad, not for the purpose of exploiting a rich region, not to bring gains to stockholders, or to provide means for the swift transportation of troops, but to convey pilgrims to the "Mother of Cities," to the "House of God," the shrine of Mohammed, the "envoy of Allah." There is no faith elsewhere so strong as this. It has no parallel in history except in the holy wars and the crusades.

All aboard for Mecca! Not yet, but soon.

GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippines as a source of mineral wealth present a rather barren prospect. The exploitation of the islands, seemingly threatening a few years ago, may be sponged from the list of worries of the anti-imperialists, if perchance any such persons remain.

It will be remembered that shortly after the close of the Aguinaldo campaign there was a stampede for concessions in our Asiatic possessions. The hills were said to be seamed with gold. In every native backyard, according to certain soldiers, a pan of earth when washed out kept the family in meat for a week, in clothes for a decade. Iron in mountain heaps, copper in sheets, coal to burn, these were some of the attractive accounts which the troops brought home. Prospectors began to show up in Manila, mysterious agents of capitalists floated in, mining engineers in corduroy and laced boots were inquiring as to the possibility of native interference. Mindanao, perhaps because its jungles were thickest and its inhabitants most menacing, had a reputation as a storehouse jammed with riches. It was declared all that was needed was a pick to scrape the earth, an axe to clear a path, a gun to guard the bullion, and the adventurer would come out with the means for permanent residence in the pleasure cities of Europe.

The disillusion has come. The enchantment wrought by distance has faded.

The Bureau of Science, a division of the Department of the Interior of the Philippines, has issued a report on the mineral resources of the islands. The surveys, undertaken by trained and conscientious scientists, show that gold occurs in many parts of the Philippines. The sources of the native supply are being prospected and veins discovered since the American occupation are being worked. But, as in the case of most mining propositions, the reward is in the future. A year's total production was worth about $90,000, of which gold to the value of $40,000 was brought in by the Igorots.

Of course, the report says "scarcely a dollar's worth has been produced in these islands since American occupation."

Eighty-three ounces is the output of silver in 1907.

The production of coal was 4,545 tons, about enough to last a first-class battleship twelve days.

The head of the bureau says that no stones of gem quality have been reported, though he had seen some poor specimens of opal which showed a little fire.

It is apparent that those who would take wealth out of the ground in the Philippines must do so with the aid of the plow, or the axe, and not with the miner's shovel.

SOAP FOR THE ORIENT.

It is told by travelers that the homes of the common people of China are so wanting in cleanliness that a Russian dog would refuse to live in one of them. The peasantry are said to be unacquainted entirely with the benefits of water except for irrigating and drinking purposes.

From the report of the deputy consul general at Hong Kong it appears that a new order of things is beginning to interest the Chinese. Among the inhabitants of southern China a brisk demand has of late sprung up for soap. In the year 1906 Great Britain sold more than a half-million dollars' worth, and in the same period soap to the value of $22,000 has been imported from the United States. The European business has almost doubled in a year, and the Americans are doing better than ever before. The deputy consul general says that the demand is a growing one, the taste of the buyers running toward the highly scented grades and those with attractive wrappings. He thinks that American manufacturers could do very well if they went after the business, putting their products up in cartons marked with Chinese characters.

Considering what the travelers have written, it does seem as if the Occidental factories should "drum" up the trade if only in the garb of missionaries. Surely nothing would redound to a soapmaker's credit so much as to have brought about a doubling of the imports of his wares in the unwashed Chinese districts. It would be a monument finer than granite. He would set the example which is next to Godliness.

A FAR DAY RECALLED.

The death of an old Frenchman in Baltimore recently brought forth a romantic item in his family history. Thirteen of his uncles were in the army of the great Napoleon. They followed the emperor in that disastrous campaign into Russia, lived through the great battle of the Borodino, saw the burning of Moscow, and joined in the retreat. Only one of the thirteen ever saw his home again, the others being frozen to death.

Time has seen mighty battles since that winter of 1812, the warfare in India, the siege of Sevastopol, Gettysburg and Mukden, but never has it had to read the tale of such a horror as that flight from Russia.

Napoleon set out on his task of subduing Russia with an army of more than 640,000 soldiers. His greatest conflict was Kutusoff, who disputed the paassage of the Borodino. While the defense lost 60,000, the invaders escaped with casualties half as great. On the fifteenth of September the French army entered Moscow. That same night the city began to burn, and in five days the destruction was complete. It was impossible to pursue the Russians farther; nothing remained but retreat. The emperor's army was now reduced below 120,000 men. The line of retreat led through the districts the soldiers had devastated a few weeks earlier. Food was scarce and the winter set in with extraordinary severity. Cold, famine, disease, fatigue and swarms of mounted Cossacks harassed the French. When the invaders left Smolensk on November 14 they numbered only 40,000 figthing men, and when they had fought their way over the Berezina there remained only 25,000 out of that glorious army of more than 640,000.

This is the story of the retreat from Moscow in brief. A non-commissioned officer wrote a narrative of the stampede, a plain, matter of fact setting down of personal experience. It is so reeking with the suffering of man and beast, with the panic of a starving, freezing, fear-maddened mob, that the reader must attack the book in relays, his interest being repelled by the pictures drawn by that simple soldier.

The world has happily reached that stage where it can feel confident nothing like it will occur again. It was the climax of war.

PANCAKES.

While eating pancakes a New York lawyer was robbed of a $22 overcoat with $12,000 worth of notes. And yet the pancakes had nothing to do with the robbery. Had he been breakfasting on old-fashioned ham and eggs or one of the more modern breakfast foods the result would have been the same.

The pancake must not be brought into disrepute. It is one of the glorious institutions of the country; it is a gentle reminder of the old homestead; it is of sweet memory and cherished recollection of bygone days. True, it has not been immortalized in verse or song, but it will continue to hold a warm place in the affections of mankind. When rightly concocted and properly baked the pancake is a poem in itself; on a crisp, frosty morning, when it touched the right spot, it has been known to transform a shadow of gloom into a halo of hope and peace and happiness. The man who can eat six or eight or a dozen well-baked pancakes with relish and complete enjoyment will go forth into the world an optimist, radiating good cheer and contentment.

A Pennsylvania minister has ordered the women of his congregation to take their hats off in church. But if they refuse what is he going to do about it? Aren't the women running the churches?

OPPORTUNITY.

Means of making a living multiply bewilderingly in America. Where all was sterile and unpromising yesterday, in the sun of today the rose is blossoming. The by-products once so difficult to get out of the way are now makers of dividends. The culm heaps are potential bread and the waste which pollutes streams and defaces the yards of factories spell warmth and clothing and the beauties and sweetness of life for many.

A glance through the November number of the Technical World magazine is an inspiration. It is the progressive policy of this periodical to set forth the new ways of getting the best of the reintact earth, and it does so with a uniform interest that warms one's enthusiasm. In the issue mentioned it is told how the alligator, once feared and abhorred and the target of wanton tourists, is now made to yield a revenue out of his hide, his picturesque ugliness, his ivory-like teeth and his eggs. Measures have been taken in the south to protect the reptile, and, in at least one place, a farm has been set aside for raising the alligator.

Then there is told the wonderful, the entrancing story of the great American hen. There are $70,000,000 worth of these faithful money makers in this land, and they lay eggs so industriously that every man, woman and child, if the eggs were divided evenly, would get 203 of them every year. All the weight of the animal products exported, the pork, beef, tallow, ham, bacon, and sausage, is 846,860 tons, while the eggs laid annually reach the imposing weight of 970,363 tons.

A writer familiar with Japan suggests that the American farmer acclimatize the bamboo. This plant is an exceedingly valuable one and is well adapted to our soil and range of weather temperature. There is an edible variety which brings, with the slightest of care, more than $50 per acre in Japan. The kind grown for timber yields $40 to $90 per acre, and when it is remembered that bamboo grows at the astonishing rate of one to three feet per day the returns, it will be seen, are swift.

The opportunities for a livelihood grow better in this country every year. Ingenuity, a little capital and the willingness and energy to experiment have often brought the most surprising results and sometimes have founded an industry. For those seeking independence from the daily wage the ways are constantly broadening.

A REVENUE FROM GAME.

The government of France has been nothing if not ingenious in raising revenue. It has the heaviest tax roll in proportion to its population, of any country in the world. Yet through a system of distribution, of putting on a stamp tax here and grasping a monopoly there, the burden does not fall heavily upon the shoulders of the people and, though there is no lack of complaint the weight is said to be as little felt as in any land.

France is now engaged in collecting many millions of francs from the huntsmen, persons who can afford to pay for their pleasures if anyone can. The communes receive $2 for every license issued, representing about a million dollars a year. The dog licenses swell the sum. Game taken into the cities pays a customs duty at the gates. Then the government sells rights to hunting on public lands, which bring in very close to two millions. From the monopoly of powder the government derives two million dollars profit through the sales to the nimrods. There are other little sources of revenue attached to the sport, fees from registration of licenses, permits for automobiles and the other vehicles of hunting parties, judicial fees and expenses in connection with the drawing up of legal documents as affecting location rights, etc.

The Frenchman who serves game at his table pays a high compliment to his guests since he proffers the most costly viands to be obtained in all France.

THE WORLD TONGUE.

The quest for the world language goes on. A new outfit of words and grammar is sprung on the public every once in a while. That the public does not take to it with enthusiasm is, of course, no fault of the designer. He considers, and rightly too, that his labors should be endorsed when he has written the last instruction in the text book and brought his dictionary to a close.

Volapuk, once hailed as the true universal language, is gone into paper stock. It is now pronounced a very awkward conception. Esperanto is to the fore. It is said to be very easy to learn and fits well in the mouth, having some music and possibilities of poetry and, best of all, it is arranged so that the grammar is marked by something very like a void.

But some of the scholars are suggesting that an invented language may never live, because it lacks what they chose to term a soul. It is like certain chemicals compounded in the laboratories of the scientists which have all the constituents of living matter and in exactly the same proportion, but which lack that great essential, life itself. So many students consider that if there is ever to be a universal language it will be one of the tongues now in use, or one having a written literature. There was a time when it was thought that Latin might become the means of communication between all men and among the learned, it was the language of the Middle Ages. A writer in the Medical Record believes that modern Greek fills the bill better than anything else. It is a spoken language and has a great and beautiful history.

"The suggestion to use modern Greek as a second tongue," says the writer, "is not novel. It was made by Voltaire even at a time when his own French was the language of the Prussian court and almost an international language. Before and since his day other men of practical experience have made the same suggestion, which is, indeed, one worthy of the consideration of those who recognize the necessity of a common medium of communication and who are tempted to turn to Esperanto in ignorance of anything better. But even Esperanto or Volapuk or Chinese would be better than nothing, for the impediment to the diffusion of knowledge and the crippling of business which the lack of a world language causes are very real and lamentable.

All of which does not give one very much hope of ever learning a world language. Until all men are brothers and, if not of one blood, at least in sympathy with one another, an international tongue will probably remain a dream of the scholars.

THE FUTURE.

"The zenith of our strength has been reached," croaked the dismal ones, when the panic struck us last fall. "We have spent too freely of our portion. Now we strike the downward path."

All this was because America had been reaping so richly of the fruits of the soil and digging so deeply of the wealth that lay beneath it. And though every panic of the last century has been attended by the same sort of mournfulness it seemed the truer this time, because we had been gleaning so amazingly among our resources.

The population of the United States is 5.2 per cent of the population of the world, and the land within its borders is 5.9 per cent of the world's area. The production of corn in America is 78.8 per cent of all that is produced on earth. The wheat fields last year yielded 20.7 per cent of the harvest of the globe. We grew more than 30 per cent of all the tobacco and nearly 72 per cent of all the cotton. Pig iron production was 42.2 per cent of the world's output. Though Russia is a great competitor and wastes tremendous quantities of the petroleum put on the world's markets more than 62 per cent last year came from American wells. Of the world's copper production our share was more than half. Of silver, 35.5 per cent was dug from mines in this country. Seven years ago less than one-half per cent of all the sulphur was of American production, and now we control the markets of the earth with an output of 35.8 per cent. Something more than this is our coal output. Over 20 per cent of all the cotton spindles are in this country, and our mileage of railroads is close upon 40 per cent. Startling figures are these when it is remembered that our population is under 6 per cent and our area still less.

There was much to warrant on the face of it the opinion that the summit had been mounted and the sliding down the other side beginning—yet only superficially. Comparison with the visible possibilities show that only a little scratching has been done, here and there. Wealth uncounted lies untouched, waiting for the day of need. A writer in the Review of Reviews, in the midst of the depression last spring, wrote:

As our natural resources give us unequaled advantages, so our geographical location gives us a strategic position to command the world's trade. Midway between Europe, the old world's center of civilization and activity, and the Orient, the coming center of world activity, stretching from ocean to ocean, the United States holds a unique position in the world's geography. This land of ours is nature's storehouse of wealth. Here is a region unmatched on earth—a country so fertile of soil, so burdened with coal and iron and copper and other minerals that we do not have to concern ourselves for generations to come about their exhaustion. Consider the whole earth; study the geographical locations of all lands, their resources in climate, in soil, in minerals, in population, and the things which make for the highest development of mankind. The more you study, the more you comprehend the foundation of all human advancement, mental and ethical, the more you will be dazed at the vastness of our opportunities.

No one living may paint the vision of the future of this country. It is beyond the dreamer to dream. Not all the panics to come can discourage for a moment anyone who bears in mind what little has been done in proportion to what still is to be done in this country.

A DEMAND FOR HORSES.

The army is finding difficulty in obtaining horses suitable for cavalry purposes. The quartermaster general recently made a tour of the country looking into the breeding proposition. He discovered little that was encouraging. "Good horses," he said "are hard to get and any stock country that will pay particular attention to raising the type of horses needed for the army will find a steady and profitable market." The establishment of a government breeding farm in Colorado has been suggested as a means of meeting the call.

The automobile has failed to banish the horse. There is a ready market for him everywhere. He has been crowded out of some lines, but in other directions he is more sought after than ever. Whatever drop there has been in the price of horseflesh has not been caused by the introduction of motor cars, but by the financial depression which compelled owners to sacrifice their animals at a time when the demand was at the lowest.

The tendency in this country has been toward the improvement of the horse. The cry is for stock with blood. Several states have recently passed laws which have for their intention the distribution of better grades. The automobile will, in time, have some effect, but it will doubtless be for the good of the horse. He will be relieved of the awful slavery of heavy hauling, of the frightful work of contracting camps, and the vigilance of the police and the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals will make the ownership of dying and starving horses more and more a matter of uneasiness and danger.

The beauty and worth and faithfulness of horses is becoming better appreciated and, with their displacement as agents of transportation, they will enter into their day of freedom and ease emancipated by invention and exalted by an enlightened sense of kindliness and affection.

ARMOR AND ARTILLERY.

There used to be a favorite question in the classrooms of the teachers who had a taste for puzzles, "what will happen when an irresistible body strikes an immovable object?"

The query comes to mind when reading the report of a new explosive invented in Germany. Fritz Gehve, a chemist of some note, succeeded in getting the army interested in a powder of his compounding. A test has just been made in Munich. Three shells were exploded. The power they developed made the thick armor plate of Krupp manufacture crumple to bits. It was not merely penetration, but an earth shattering force which put the heaviest and toughest armor plate manufactured out of commission forever.

The development of armament works up by steps. A man discovers a chemical combination which renders all hitherto known defenses useless and foolish. Then another inventor comes along with a material warranted to turn the shells of the most up-to-date artillery. And so it goes. As one thing becomes irresistible, another soon after enjoys a term of fame as material immovable. But human beings have never yet been able to behold the meeting of both the immovable and the irresistible at the same time. They never will be able. Though, if they were, only the most curious would like to be in the vicinity.

Germany is fortunate in possessing both the highest known explosive and the best made armor plate. It does not have to worry. The kaiser, for the time, can sit tight and watch the other nations squirm. For in the war departments of France, England and Russia are mighty disturbances. Worried looking officials are looking over firearms and defensive equipment and wondering what is to be done with them, whether to throw the whole thing on the scrap heap, or to patch it up until native discovery shall have caught up with the Germans. The position of America never seems so enviable as at such a time. We can be so deliberate about our ordnance, can be impudent and careless and backward. Surely, they must wish abroad in some of the countries that they could trade places with the United States. Instead, they must watch their borders the more, appropriate additional sums for the armies, and be a shade or two shrewder in diplomatic observances.

Fritz Gehve has put the irresistible on top for the moment. The world will keep its eyes on the highway for the chap coming with the immovable.

HERBERT SPENCER, SEER.

In the year 1882 Herbert Spencer visited the United States. He spent less than three weeks in this country. On the evening before his departure for home a banquet was given in his honor, at which William M. Evarts, Carl Schurz, Prof. Marsh, John Fiske and Henry Ward Beecher made addresses. The reply of the great English philosophic writer is of interest because his remarks, touch so aptly our own present day, twenty-six years since they were delivered.

"In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of the gospel of work," said Mr. Spencer. "It is time to preach the gospel of recreation.

"If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population —if there results an undermining of the physique not only in the adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from your daily journals, are also being injured by overwork—if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them; then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation."

Herbert Spencer saw the start of the agitation against child-labor. He saw that which Americans have never really admitted, that they talked work too much. And his forecast about the "dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions" was almost uncanny.

From the executive mansion we have had the doctrine of work—the preachment of the strenuous life. And from the same source has come the warnings as to race suicide. Unlike Herbert Spencer many years before, he did not acknowledge any relationship between overwork and the diminution of the birth rate. Work and work hard, he has advised us, and also multiply.

Whichever may be right, the distinguished scientist or the President, the former must be credited with having had the eyes of a seer. He was a great man, buried ocean deep in books and watchful of the reports of laboratory research, and yet he found time to study men. A visit of less than three months in America in 1882 gave him data on which to base a prophecy of the problems for 1908.

BEDS AND TEMPERS.

The fanaticism of the Moslem is well known. He will fight to the death in defense of his religion. His hatred of the foreign "dog" has been a troublous matter for travelers and conquerors.

From the reports of the consular service we learn that throughout the East, from Morocco to the borders of India, the bed, as we understand that necessary article of household furniture, is almost an unknown quantity. In Persia the greater number of the people sleep upon rugs spread on the floor, or, in the height of summer, on the roofs. In Bagdad they have a curious substitute which is described as a bird cage with the top off. It is made of the branches of the date palm. Its comfort is too small to be calculated by the instruments of precision at hand in Bagdad. There are a few beds of European manufacture, many of them brought into the country by the pioneers of western trade some sixty or eighty years ago.

The vice consul at Tangier in Morocco writes that the native Moorish population does not use bedsteads of any kind, but sleep on carpets or mats spread on the floor. Some of the wealthy Moors buy bedsteads to place in their houses as ornaments, just as they fill their houses with clocks and mirrors, but prefer to sleep on the floor as their fathers did before them.

Now, considering the noted fierceness and the intolerance of the follower of the Koran and the fact that he has no acquaintance with the pillow and the soothing mattress, is there not a theory suggested to your mind? Can it be that, wanting the blessed knowledge of springs and the delights of those last lingering moments of embrace with the bed of blessed invention, he has developed through the ages a disposition of irritation and quarrelsomeness? It is argued by some of the students of the habits of man that he came to use the right hand in preference to the left because one arm was needed for taking the offensive and the other for defense. If that is a feasible hypothesis to spring upon the world of science, then the theory about the bed and the temperament of the Musselman strikes us as quite as reasonable. And a question is furthermore suggested. Just as the missionaries paved the way to converting the eater of human flesh in the South Seas by first covering his body with print goods from the New England mills and placing a high hat upon his head, the Christian worker in the lands of Islam might win over the heathen by relieving his bones of the distressing ache consequent with experience with the hard and unsympathetic floor.

The River of Youth.

From all the golden halls of Dream,
Dew cool and rainbow kissed,
It twines and curls a silver stream,
Through valleys hung with mist.

Down past enchanted woods to where
Romance walks ever young,
Where kings ride forth to take the air
On steeds with velvet hung—

Where secret stairways tempt the bold,
Where pirate caves abound,
And many a chest of Spanish gold
May solemnly be found!

Through magic years it twines and creeps
Past towers of peacock blue,
Where still some captured princess sleeps
And dreams come always true.

Then gleam by gleam the light goes out,
Then darkened, grief by grief,
It sighs into our Sea of Doubt
And Manhood's Unbelief!

—Arthur Stringer.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

The Honorable Joseph Sibley, who is one of Pennsylvania's richest men, and who has the proud record of being elected to one congress as a Democrat and to the succeeding congress as a Republican, has a fine, big summer place up on Lake Champlain, says the Saturday Evening Post.

He delights to take representatives up to this house and entertain them. One summer, John Sharp Williams was in a party. Williams had a fine time.

That winter, when things were dull in the house, Williams wrote a poem about Sibley's place. It was a tender little ballad, describing a lovesick couple who sat on the fence and spooned at the moon, while the silvery waters of Champlain beat with fairy fingers on the shimmering shore—or words to that effect.

He took it over to Sibley. "See here, Joe," he said, "I've written a fine poem about your place up on Lake Champlain. Read it."

Sibley read it and handed it back without comment.

"What do you think of it?" asked the poet.

"Rotten," said Sibley.

"Why so?" flared Williams. "It's a good poem, and that's a fine touch about those people sitting on the fence in the moonlight."

"Fine touch," snorted Sibley, "I should think it was. All the fences on my place are made of barbed wire."

Thombas Nelson Page recounts an instance showing that southern hospitality was not always appreciated, says the Baltimore American.

A guest asked the loan of a horse to carry him to his next stopping place. The host accordingly loaned him his horse, and sent along a negro boy—it was before the war—to bring the horse back.

After several days the boy was still missing, and some one was sent to hunt him up. The messenger found him at last, and demanded why he had not returned with the horse.

"'Cause dat gent-man done sell de horse," was the reply.

"Well, why didn't you came back and say so?"

"Hi! He done sell me, too," said the boy.

Sir Richard Bethell, afterward Lord Westbury, with a suave voice and a stately manner, nevertheless had a way of bearing down the foe with almost savage wit. Once, in court, he had to follow a barrister who had delivered his remarks in very loud tones. "Now that the noise in court has subsided," murmured Bethell, "I will tell your honor in two sentences the gist of the case."

Two little youngsters shambled penitently into the class room long after the school had opened for the morning session.

"Boys, come to my desk immediately," said the teacher.

The meek little lads walked to the teacher's desk and stood looking helplessly at their feet.

"Tommy, why are you late this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I overslept myself, ma'am," began Tommy. "You see, teacher, I dreamed I was going to take a railroad trip. I just got to the station when I woke up an' found it was 'way past school time."

"Freddy, why are you late?" inquired the teacher, turning to the other boy.

"Please, ma'am," replied the trembling Teddy, "I went to the station to see Tommy off."

Thomas W. Lawson at a dinner in Boston talked about success.

"Success in finance," he said, "is due in great measure to prompt action. The doubting, hesitating, Hamlet type of man had best keep out of finance. He is sure to be swamped. The street has no use for him.

"Such a man always makes me think of my boyhood friend, Grimes. Grimes was a falterer, a doubter, a Hamlet of the worst type.

"One night I dropped in on him and found him bent in a brown study over a white vest.

"'Hello, Grimes,' said I. 'What's the matter?'

"'This vest,' said he, 'it's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the wash. I don't know what to do about it.'"

When 9-year-old Teddy displayed the shining new quarter which Mr. Ringloss had given him down at the corner store, mother very naturally asked if her little boy had said "Thank you" to father's friend.

No answer.

"Surely you thanked Mr. Ringloss!" she persisted.

Still no answer. Trouble showed on the little face.

"Teddy, listen. You ought to have said: 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?"

No answer yet—and trouble threatened to produce showers.

"Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Ringloss for the quarter?"

Then the storm broke, but between the sobs and tears came the required information: "I told him thank you, an' he said not to mention it, an' I tried not to."

Railway men—conductors, engineers, and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature, says Harper's Weekly.. In this connection a Western railway official tells of an amusing incident in that part of his State where it is so common for cattle to be run over that the manager of one "jerk-water" line required his engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and circumstance.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but reference to the files showed that the engineer had failed to report such an accident. Accordingly he was sent for and asked why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he said.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet for me to go ahead, and so I concluded she was all right."

One of the instructors at Western Reserve Law school was delivering a lecture, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. In the course of his lecture he observed that the room was close and oppressive.

"You'd better open that window, Mr. Smith," said he, addressing a student seated near a window in the rear of the room. "It seems very warm in here, don't you think so?"

It happened that the student addressed had drifted into a sort of doze. He knew that he had been called upon for something, but had no idea what the question was. Still he didn't want to admit this. He arose, trying to look as wise as possible, and made this bluff.

"That's a matter on which the authorities differ," he said. "From such information as I have been able to obtain, I should say that the proposition is not well founded."

Varieties

The first attempt to steer a balloon was made in Paris in 1784.

Of the 588 locomotives in Roumania, 427 use petroleum for fuel.

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city of Europe.

There are thirty-nine miles of books on the shelves of the British Museum.

The total number of sailing vessels in the world is double that of steamers.

Only 60,000 full-blooded red Indians are to be found today in the United States.

William Jennings Bryan in Commoner declares his intention of keeping up fight for reform.

A patent has been granted upon an incandescent lamp filament made of nitride of cerium.

The city of Milwaukee has almost abolished the use of horses in all municipal departments.

To cleanse the streets of the city of London, nearly 80,000,000 gallons of water are annually required.

Printing from movable type was known in Korea over a century before the invention of the art in Europe.

Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Maine and Missouri, in the order named, are the greatest producers of lime.

Including Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama and Liberia, there are now twenty-four republics in the world.

Mysterious woman attempted to obtain $100,000 from rich Denver woman by threat to blow her up with dynamite.

Although the sand in the Sahara only averages thirty feet in depth, it has been found 200 feet below the surface.

In a single minute a machine which cuts up wood to make matches will turn out 40,000 "splints," as they are called.

More than 4,000,000 persons, living in 100 cities, obtain water for domestic and industrial purposes from the great lakes.

At Sholapur, British India, a factory is successfully making matches with sticks of a peculiarly stiff form of native grass.

Body of Explorer Andree, who in 1897 started for the north pole in a balloon, is said by reports in Copenhagen to have been found.

Tattooed portraits of the last six French presidents were found on the skin of a burglar named Bertin arrested in Paris.

An Italian physician has discovered that carrots act as an intestinal antiseptic, and will cure many forms of digestive disorders.

A species of ant in Australia builds its nests along a north and south line so accurately that a traveler may direct his course by their aid.

The consumption of gasoline in England grew from 30,000 tons in 1904 to 100,000 tons in 1907, and is expected to reach 120,000 tons this year.

Harvey W. Watterson, son of the Louisville editor, accidentally plunged to death from a nineteenth-story window of an office building in New York.

Lava found near extinct volcanoes in California is so soft that it is cut into slabs with common handsaws for mantels and other purposes.

The French navy is experimenting with a fluid, a German invention, which, when sprayed over warships' coal, is said to make it burn without smoke.

In the recent French army maneuvers a wireless telegraph station in a balloon successfully intercepted messages sent from Berlin to vessels at sea.

National Association for the Study of Epilepsy in session at Indianapolis petitioned the Illinois legislature to establish a state colony to care for victims of the disease.

Lively fight before the United States supreme court is likely before the Michigan-Wisconsin boundary dispute is settled and the former state secures large tract of land it claims.

After twenty years of experimenting an Edinburgh firm has brought out an essence of tea which is said to preserve the aroma and cheering qualities of the prepared leaf.

Italians of the poorer class generally enjoy good health. This is partly attributed to the fact that the working classes of Italy eat less meat than those of other European nations.

Cyrus Townsend Brady explained that he resigned as pastor of Trinity church, Toledo, because he practically was "kicked out" of a vestry meeting and was told he had no rights there.

Although there are only eighteen flags used in the international code of signals which is used by warships and merchant ships all over the world, they can be made to represent no fewer than 20,000 distinct signals.

Social war is blamed for the ousting of the Ridgleys from the management of the Kansas City National Bank of Commerce, it being said that the wives of the two officials held aloof and refused to "mix" with other women in the city.

Lhassa, the mystrious capital of Thibet, is beginning to show longings for the amenities of western civilization. It has just placed a contract with a Calcutta firm to supply a large number of European band instruments.

The ginger grown in Jamaica commands more than double the price of any other. Under favorable conditions an acre will produce as much as 4,000 pounds. During the last fiscal year about 1,400,000 pounds was exported from that island.

Egg shells as gas mantles is an idea from Germany. The contents are drawn or blown out, the ends are neatly cut off, and the body of the shell is fixed in position like the regular article. The light thus obtained is very good, while the new form of mantle is durable.

According to the accepted authorities there are 3,424 spoken languages in the world today; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say dialects. Of this number 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African and 1,624 American. By far the greater number of these belong to savage and semi-savage tribes and nations.

Uruguay is taking a national census. From 40,000 to 45,000 persons are engaged in the task, which works out at about one person in every twenty-five of the population of the republic. This large proportion is found necessary owing to the very scattered character of the population in certain parts of the interior, where there are only two or three inhabitants to the square mile.

France's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken action against a cinematograph company for an act of unprecedented brutality to a horse. In a series of pictures called "The Lover's Revenge," a carriage drawn by a horse was seen to rush over the edge of a cliff and be dashed to pieces. The pictures had not been faked. An old blind horse harnessed to a carriage was really driven over the edge of the cliffs near Boulogne to obtain them.

The work of compiling a great technical dictionary, which was begun under the auspices of the Association of German Engineers, has been abandoned on account of the great cost, which, it was discovered, would be four times greater than originally contemplated. There is great need of just such a dictionary as was proposed in all the arts, sciences and crafts, and the decision of the Berman engineers will be heard with regret by workers all over the world.

Vu Kyuin Willington Koo, a Chinese, has been chosen to edit the Daily Spectator at Columbia University. It is said to be the first time that a Chinese student has been placed at the head of an American college paper. Editor Koo, who is only 22 years old, is a slender chap and is known throughout the university as a master of pure English. He speaks without accent, knows more about American politics than the average American, is a debater of wonderful ability, and one of the most popular men in the university.

This "ghost" story was among those omitted from Mr. Stead's famous collection: There was an ordinary cupboard door that always myste

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

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2172. Girls' Tucked Dress with Guimpe—This is an excellent model for any of the pretty plaid woolen materials, and may be worn with a guimpe of white or in any pretty contrasting shade. 4 sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2264. Girls' Tucked Russian Dress with a Removable Shield—Serge or mohair are excellent materials for frocks of this style. 4 sizes, 1 to 7 years.

1560. Child's Double-breasted Box Coat—Cheviot, tweed, broadcloth, corduroy or velvet make up charmingly in this neat little model. 4 sizes, 1 to 7 years.

1616. Child's Coat with Empire Back—This model here illustrated was developed in black broadcloth and is equally adaptable to any of the season's coatings. 4 sizes, 4 to 7 years.

2223. Ladies' Work Apron, Over Sleeves and Cap—Any of the cross-barred gingahams, figured percale or linen are adaptable to this useful set. 3 sizes, small medium and large.

2489. Ladies' Wrapper, with or without Gathered Flounce—Flowered cretonne, challis or flannel are all adaptable to this house gown. 8 sizes, 32 to 46.

2181. Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist—Closing at left side of front. Any of the checked silks, heavy linen or madras make up well in this style. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2384. Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist—Closed at back and with long or three-quarter length sleeves. Develops well in linen, madras, serge or flannel. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2653. Ladies' Tight-fitting Coat in 39-inch Length—Smooth-faced black broadcloth has been used for this model, which is particularly serviceable for the separate coat. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2313. Ladies' Shirtwaist—Closed at back, having Mikado over-sleeves and a removable Chemisette. Developed in black liberty satin, and chemisette and sleeves of all-over lace, this is an excellent model for an evening waist. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

2636. Girls' and Child's Kimono, with body and sleeves in one. The best materials for its development are French or Canton flannel, flannelette, lansdowne, albatross or cashmere and may be trimmed with motifs of hand embroidery. 6 sizes, 2 to 12 years.

2644. Misses' and Girls' Sailor Suit, with or without yoke facing—the blouse slipped over the head, having long seamless shoulders in regulation navy style, and a removable shield; and a seven-gored skirt closing at left side of front. Serge, broadcloth of flannel are the best materials for these charming suits. 5 sizes, 9 to 17 years.

2441. Girls' Jumper Dress with Guimpe, having long or three-quarter length sleeves. Developed in red, green, blue or brown serge. This is an excellent little model for school wear. 4 sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2630. Child's Dress, with body and sleeves in one, high or low neck, and sleeves in full length or short flowing style. This is a neat little frock for almost any material. 5 sizes, ½ to 7 years.

2621. Ladies' One Piece Work Apron. A new model of a work apron which may be developed, in heavy linen, challies, duck, plain or checked or figured gingham. 3 sizes, small, medium and large.

2207. Ladies' House Dress, the waist with or without short body lining, and the five-gored skirt joined to the waist. Flannel, challies, cretonne or percale are all adaptable to this model. 8 sizes, 32 to 46.

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LAWYER FALLS TO DEATH

W. Watterson, Son of Louisville Editor, Plunges Out of Window.

New York, Nov. 12.—Harvey W. Watterson, a lawyer and younger son of Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, plunged to his death from the nineteenth floor of his office building, at 37 Wall street, late yesterday afternoon. His body shot downward for 110 feet and landed on the roof of a ten-story building adjoining. Death was practically instantaneous. While there were no eye witnesses to the tragedy, evidently it was entirely accidental. Mr. Watterson's hat and overcoat were on his closed desk. Presumably he had attempted to lower the window, and either stumbling over the radiator which was in front of the low sill, or losing his footing in some manner unknown, pitched forward and down to death on the roof below.

Mr. Watterson was 30 years old and unmarried. He was junior member of the law firm of Wing, Russell and Watterson.

Editor Hears of Accident.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 12.—News of the tragic death of Harvey W. Watterson came to friends of the father, Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier Journal, and they immediately formed a pathetic little conspiracy to break the news to the editor as gently as possible. Telephone communication with his country home, 14 miles from the city, was immediately stopped. Mrs. Benjamin Terry, widow of a former consul general to Mexico, performed the difficult task of telling the father. The editor is prostrated at his home benumbed by grief, while hundreds of telegrams from men of national prominence already are pouring in offering condolance and sympathy.

POSTAL DEFICIT LARGEST IN DEPARTMENT'S HISTORY

Washington, Nov. 12.—Postmaster General Meyer announced today that the postal deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, amounted to $16,910,279. The receipts were $191,478,633 (being $7,893,657 greater than the previous year) and the expenditures $208,351,886. The deficit is the largest in the history of the postoffice department.

An analysis of the figures shows that $9,891,321 represents the advance in the rate of compensation authorized by congress for employes of the railway mail service, rural delivery service, city delivery service, and assistant postmasters and clerks in postoffices. The normal increase in the revenue for several years was about 9 per cent and in 1908 4.29 per cent, the falling off in the rate of growth being due to the financial depression.

The postmaster general said that in his annual report he would call the attention of congress to the fact that he is "firmly convinced that the establishment of a special local parcel post, confined to rural routes, would tend to wipe out the postal deficit and would finally make the rural delivery self-sustaining, besides being of convenience to the farmer and a boon to the retail country merchant."

NO MORE MARINES ON THE NAVY VESSELS OF THE U. S.

Washington, Nov. 13.—One of the most striking reforms that the navy has experienced was yesterday ordered by President Roosevelt.

All marines are to be withdrawn from United States warships. Hereafter there will no "soldiers" on board ship to act as guards over the sailors.

The 60,000 men of the marine corps will be used for land duty solely. They will be stationed at navy yards, naval bases, on the canal zone, in the Philippines, and used on foreign expeditions.

Nothing could be done by the navy department that would give the common "jack tar" so much satisfaction, unless it was to increase his pay. In fact the President's act may be considered as a tribute to the sailors of the battleship fleet who have won praise in every port they visited.

For years the sailors have resented the idea of having a body of men on naval vessels belonging to a different corps and differently uniformed than themselves. In the old days when the sailors were a tough and tarry lot the marines were considered necessary to prevent mutiny. Today the marine is looked upon as out of place.

Hereafter the sailors, in regular seaman's togs, will act as guards, orderlies, etc., on board ship. They will round up their own messmates after a jolly night on shore and will stand at the gangway when distinguished visitors come aboard.

BELIEVE SEC. ROOT WILL ACCEPT N. Y. SENATORSHIP

Washington, Nov. 14.—Although Secretary Root has repeatedly declared that he is not a candidate for the New York senatorship, there is no doubt that he will accept the position if it comes to him without unseemly scramble. His friends, in a position to know, assert that the secretary feels that the honor of an election to the senate is a very great one, and if the people of New York conclude that Mr. Root's services are desired in that capacity he would regard it as a duty to accede to their wishes and accept the position.

Secretary Root's preference is to remain in private life and practice law in New York city, surrounded by his friends and family and home comforts.

It would be very agreeable to Mr. Root to remain in his present position as secretary of state, but there are reasons why he cannot do so. It would, however, his friends say, be easier for him to say "no" to Mr. Taft should the latter ask him to remain in the cabinet than to the people of New York state if they want him for senator.

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WILL BE REORGANIZED

Make-up of New Congress and Cannon's Chances Are Important Issues.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 13.—Like the 60th congress, the 61st will have its share of prominent "lame ducks" in the house.

Speaker Cannon's re-election or defeat is a question that is being plenteously argued throughout the country, but equal in importance to that will be the reorganization of the house. Through these assignments, the speaker of the house can control legislation without saying a word, if he is as crafty as is "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

For instance, last year, there were evidences that there would be an onslaught made on congress by the advocates of prohibition, for the District of Columbia. All such legislation must come through the house committee on the District of Columbia. Joseph Babcock, of Wisconsin, had been defeated and Samuel Smith, of the Sixth Michigan, was the ranking member. Mr. Cannon advanced Mr. Smith to the chairmanship, and as he came from a small town district, the speaker selected Mr. Smith's associates, with great care, from the members representing city districts.

Ohioan on Committee.

For instance, there was Taylor, from Columbus, Ohio; Carey, from Milwaukee; Olcott, from New York city; McGavin, from the business district of Chicago; Julius Kahn, ex-actor, from San Francisco; J. Hampton Moore, from Philadelphia; all men from big cities who would not be directly answerable to a country constituency and consequently capable of dealing with prohibition and other municipal questions fairly.

So can a speaker deal with any legislative question without wasting a word after announcing committee assignments?

In the 61st congress, there will be new faces to replace four men who were chairmen of important committees and were not renominated. They are Cousins, of Iowa, chairman of foreign affairs; Jenkins, of Wisconsin, chairman of judiciary, which refuses to report bills when they are not constitutional, a broad latitude; Sherman, of New York, chairman of Indian affairs, elected to the vice presidency, and Marshall, of North Dakota, chairman of private land claims.

Beaten at the polls were: Charles B. Landis, chairman of the committee on printing, which cleaned out the G. P. O.; Overstreet, also of Indiana, chairman of postoffices and post roads, and Hepburn, father of the Hepburn rate bill and chairman of the committee on interstate commerce.

"Uncle Joe" is in the van of candidates for the speakership. His word is law on committee assignments. Thus, it is easy to see why ranking members on big committees will be chary of opposing him.

May Go to Tawney.

The committee which decides and arranges the program for the legislation passed by the house is the committee on rules. Mr. Sherman was next to Mr. Dalzell, Speaker Cannon's next man, on rules. To be on rules and stay there means one must be an able debater and capable of delivering crushing, sledge hammer blows at the opposition. James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of appropriations, is mentioned for Sherman's place. So is James R. Mann, almost as great an objector as John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee. If Tawney should get this assignment, retaining his chairmanship of appropriations, he would be next to Speaker Cannon in the house so far as influence goes, and he is a ready debater, the prime qualification for the place.

Speaker Reed established a precedent by putting a member of the appropriations on rules, but it has not been adhered to rigidly.

John Sharp Williams retires to take a year's rest before entering the senate in 1911, and he is the ranking Democratic member. De Armond is next. Champ Clark is slated to become the minority leader, and the chances are he will take Williams' place on rules. Henry D. Clayton will probably get De Armond's place, so there will not be two members from the same state.

Goebel Ranks Third.

Goebel, of Ohio, is the third ranking member on the committee on postoffices and postroads, and with the department constantly expanding this is becoming one of the most important posts in the house. Other members who may get Overstreet's place as chairman are John J. Gardner, of New Jersey, or Sperry, of Connecticut, father of the R. F. D. system, or Snapp, of Illinois.

With the retirement of Sherman, Wagner, of Pennsylvania, is ranking member on interstate and foreign commerce, and as this committee has charge of the pure food legislation the man who succeeds Hepburn will get an important post. After Wagner comes Mann, of Illinois, but he probably would be willing to give other places to take the chairmanship of this place, if he can get it, and he is a close personal friend of the speaker.

John J. Jenkins, of Wisconsin, as chairman of the judiciary, is known as the "keeper of the morgue," for there it is that much undesirable legislation is strangled. With his defeat there were many after the plum, with Parker, of New Jersey, as ranking member, and, in all probability, the leading candidate for the place.

With the retirement of Sherman and the defeat of Marshall, Knapp, of New York, is in line for chairmanship of Indian affairs. Perkins, of New York, ranks on foreign relations and will probably not succeed Landis as chairman of printing, although the ranking member. The chances are that this committee will be completely organized.

Cushman, "the ugliest man in the house," is next in line of succession for chairmanship of private land claims, and as he is an ardent Cannon man he will probably be chairman.

If Speaker Cannon is re-elected as speaker, there will probably be a new face to greet currency experts in the committee on banking and currency. All for the reason that Charles N. Fowler, of New Jersey, the present chairman of that committee, insisted upon having the house pass his currency bill last session against the wishes of Mr. Vreeland, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Cannon. Mr. Fowler became peeved when the house declined to take his bill seriously, and he has announced himself as a candidate against Mr. Cannon for the speakership.

Cannon to Have Chance.

Mr. Cannon will be given a fine chance this winter to show that he stands for the same brand of progressiveness that Mr. Roosevelt has advocated. If he does, the administration will not be particularly cordial to Mr. Cannon's opponents. Hence, Mr. Fowler will be given a chance to vent his spleen some place else than in the committee on banking and currency, as he has been particularly strenuous in his opposition to "Uncle Joe," he may be given a chance to figure on ventilation and accoustics in the committee of that name.

Then will Theodore Burton, of Ohio, come to the fore, if he is not elected to the senate. Mr. Burton was picked out by the enemies of the Fowler plan last session to puncture his arguments, and for that reason, coupled with the fact that he is a widely known authority on finance, he may occupy the chair at the head of the table in that handsome committee room in the new house office building, on the side that looks out toward the Potomac river.

WILL APPEAL OIL CASE

Government Officials Decide to Carry Suit to U. S. Supreme Court.

Washington, Nov. 13.—Following the recent action of the circuit court of appeals in Chicago in refusing the United States government a rehearing of the Standard Oil case, made famous by its $29,240,000 fine, the department of justice officials last night decided to carry the case to the supreme court of the United States.

The decision was reached after an all day conference between Attorney General Bonaparte and government attorneys who have been engaged in the case. It was found that a number of changes had been made in the opinion of the court of appeals originally rendered, and that Judge Baker, of that court, had filed a separate concurring opinion which differed materially in its reasoning from that of Judge Grosscup.

Application will be made to the supreme court for a writ of certiorari to bring up and review the action of the circuit court of appeals when that tribunal reconvenes on Monday, Nov. 30.

TAFT TO KEEP OUT

Will Have Nothing to Do With the Ohio Senatorial Race.

Washington, Nov. 16.—President-elect Taft will have nothing to do with the contest over Senator Foraker's seat in the senate. In the flat announcement which he made yesterday as he stood in the east room of the White House, he used these words:

"I will take no part in the senatorial contest in Ohio." Then he added: "Nor in any other state."

By the declaration of the President-elect the senatorial race will present a free field with no favors. His brother, Charles P. Taft, Congressman Burton, Governor Harris, Harry Daugherty and Senator Foraker will be left to fight out the battle without the advantage of prospective administration assistance.

As early as last spring, W. H. Taft made substantially the same declaration as he did today, although in a private communication. Just about the time that Senator Dick issued his invitation for a general meeting, admittedly intended to clear the political atmosphere of the state and designed especially to advance the interests of the two senators, W. H. Taft wrote a letter to Charles P. Taft.

This letter, it is learned from friends of both brothers, contained the statement that he himself was a candidate for only one office; that he would not ask his friends to oppose Foraker, nor would he invite them to assist the senator.

BOOST FOR COMMERCE

Government Takes Step to Aid Merchants.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Remarkable interest has been aroused throughout the commercial world in the organization and intentions of the National Council of Commerce, which was established under the auspices of the department of commerce and labor, with a view to promote and develop foreign and domestic commerce, the fundamental idea being to establish closer relationship between the department of commerce and labor and the commercial bodies of the country.

Secretary Straus, having in mind the profit which has come to Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium through a co-ordination of interests between the government departments and the commercial bodies, vigorously urged the organization of the council.

CANNON ON PROBATION

Conduct at Coming Session to Be Observed.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 11.—It is up to Speaker Cannon whether he will be speaker of the sixty-first congress. If, during the coming session, he shows he will stand by President Roosevelt's policies it is pretty generally understood here that the President will take no hand in the fight against him.

But the speaker will only be on probation. If, as he believes, his election was a vindication of his policies, he obstructs legislation urged by the administration, he will find opposition to him combined with the administration taking a hand against him. Roosevelt owes Cannon nothing, and Mr. Taft, bound to the Roosevelt policies, will not aid the speaker if he refuses to be more liberal than in the past.

Hence, it is believed at the White House that the insurgents will find their fangs pulled when congress reassembles because Speaker Cannon will "be good." And at the same time Uncle Joe will be holding his own job.

SARDOU FUNERAL HELD

Paris, Nov. 11.—Victorien Sardou, the French author and dramatist, who died November 8, was buried in this city today. Although extremely simple the funeral was an impressive evidence of the place Sardou held in the hearts of the French people. He would have been gladly accorded a state funeral had it not been for his expressed wish that he be buried without pomp or circumstance.

A FAT BABY

Usually Evidence of Proper Feeding.

Babies grow very rapidly and if they do not get the right kind of food they grow backwards instead of forwards; that is, when their food is not nourishing they grow thin and cross and some of them die from the lack of the right kind of food. A girl writes:

"My aunt's baby was very delicate and was always ill. She was not able to nurse it and took it to one doctor after another, but none of them did the child any good.

"One day mother told my aunt to try Grape-Nuts for the baby, but she laughed and said if the doctors couldn't do the baby any good, how could Grape-Nuts? But mother said 'try it anyway.'

"So my ant put one tablespoonful of Grape-Nuts in a quarter cup of hot water and when the food was soft she added as much milk as water and gave that to the baby.

"In a month and a half you would hardly have known that baby, it was so fat and thrived so fast. A neighbor asked my aunt what made the baby so healthy and fat when only six weeks before it was so thin. She said 'Grape-Nuts.' The neighbor got Grape-Nuts for her baby and it was soon as fat as my aunt's child.

"There's a Reason."

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She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used.

Mrs. Margaret Anderson Who Cured Her Husband of Drinking.

The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who have a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today.

She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell, (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home, here is her address—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 577 Home Avenue, Hilburn, New York—or to make it easier for you, simply write your name and full address plainly, in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,
577 Home Avenue, Hilburn, N. Y.
Dear Madam: Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name .....

Address .....

G. O. P. GAINS TWELVE

Temporary Roll Call Shows 219 Republicans and 172 Democrats.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The temporary roll call of the house of representatives for the sixty-first congress has been completed. It presents a complete list of members of the new house as shown by unofficial returns, and gives the politics of all of them.

According to this list the next house will consist of 219 Republicans and 172 Democrats, a total of 391, as against a total of 389 in the house during the last session, of whom 223 were Republicans and 166 Democrats.

The result is a net loss of four from the Republican side and a net gain of six on the Democratic side, the discrepancy being due to present vacancies. All told, the Democrats gained seventeen districts and the Republicans twelve.

Democratic Advance.

The most marked advance made by the Democrats was in Indiana, the home of Mr. Bryan's running mate, Mr. Kern. Of the entire thirteen members constituting the Indiana delegation, only two will be Republican, whereas in the present congress there are eight Republicans from that state.

Colorado will not send so many Democrats as Indiana, owing to her smaller population, but that state recorded even a greater revolution in that, whereas all three members of the present delegation are now Republicans, in the next house all will be Democratic. Mr. Bryan's own state, Nebraska, added two to the Democratic column in the house, making an equal division of the two parties of the six members from that state. Of the other Democratic gains Ohio recorded three, Illinois one, and Kentucky one.

Noted Republican Gains.

The most striking accretions of the Republicans were made in North Carolina, where three members were taken from the Democratic column, and Oklahoma, where there was a gain of two. Missouri and Pennsylvania also switched two members each from the Democratic to the Republican side, and New Jersey, Rhode Island and Wisconsin each supplied one to the Republican additions.

Otherwise the various state delegations will remain as at present.

The states which will be solidly Democratic are: Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nevada, South Carolina, Texas; and those which will be solidly Republican: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming.

Changes in the States.

New York will have in the next, as in the present house, 26 Republicans and 11 Democrats; Maryland, three and three; Virginia nine to one in favor of the Democrats, as in the past; Tennessee, eight to two, as now; Minnesota, eight Republicans to one Democrat; Massachusetts, eleven Republicans to three Democrats, the present proportion; Iowa, ten to one in favor of the Republicans, but with a change as to the districts.

The Republican majority on a full roll call will be forty-seven as against fifty-seven at present.

ENGAGEMENT DENIED

Miss Elkins Consents to Announcement by Father.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Senator Stephen B. Elkins last night made the emphatic announcement that no engagement exists between his daughter, Miss Katherine Elkins, and the Duke de Abruzzi, of the Italian navy.

The statement was made with the knowledge and consent of Miss Elkins, who desired that the statement should be given to the public, which has manifested so great an interest in the matter.

BALLOON RACE FAILS

Unfavorable Winds Prevent Los Angeles Contest.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 16.—Because of unusual atmospheric conditions the transcontinental balloon race, which was to have started from Los Angeles yesterday, was a failure. Only the big balloon "America" was sent up, and it was carried by a steady current of air south, slightly west and directly toward the Pacific ocean. It is believed to have landed somewhere on the beach. The other balloon, "United States," profited by the example of its rival and did not ascend.

FIRED BY WAR SPIRIT

Strained Situation in the Balkan Territory Has Reached the Acute Stage.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 13.—The Balkan situation has reached an acute stage, where everything depends upon the nature of the note which is expected from Vienna today, and the outcome of the mediation which Russia, France and Great Britain have undertaken at Belgrade, at Austria-Hungary's request, with a view to limiting the belligerent activity of Servia. If mediation is not successful, war is recognized as a possibility in authoritative circles.

The Austro-Servian relations are too strained, it is believed, to permit present conditions to continue indefinitely. The Austrian note will definitely outline the attitude of the government regarding the discussion of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the possible compensations to Servia and Montenegro, and the nature of the note will determine whether or not an international congress can be held.

Servia is aflame with warlike spirit. There is an entire army corps massed about Belgrade, and the treasure and documents have been removed to a place of safety.

For weeks Austria has been rushing preparations and her army now is in readiness. Within twenty-four hours more than 200,000 men could be thrown across the frontier into Servia.

WARLIKE MOVEMENTS

Caracas, November 13.—With the placing in position of mountain artillery at various strategic positions abou La Guaira, so as to prevent any attempted landing from Holland's warships if they come to Venezuela with hostile intent, President Castro has now completed his preparations for the defense of Venezuela's principal seaport and gateway to Caracas. Not only have the Venezuelan army and navy made preparations for a blockade, but also the merchants of both La La Guaira was purchased by promi- La Guari was purchased by a promiment politician, and the entire stock of the flour mill was acquired by influential interests, unusually large importations of rice and other provisions have been received from Europe by the principal importers, who instructed their European connections to make heavy shipments if they were convinced, after making investigation, that Holland meant business.

CARS ENTOMB DEAD

Nine Bodies Already Taken From Train Wrecked Near New Orleans.

New Orleans, Nov. 11.—In a rear-end collision on the New Orleans & Northeastern this morning at Littlewoods, twelve miles out of this city, nine persons are known to have been killed and several injured. Many more dead are believed to be in the wrecked cars.

The Northeastern train was made up of five coaches and a baggage car and all were derailed. The wreckage caught fire, but was soon extinguished.

Nine Bodies Removed.

Up to 10:15 o'clock a. m. nine dead bodies and twenty injured had been taken from the wreckage.

It appears the Northeastern was late and was overtaken about 8 o'clock by a Great Northern train from Covington, due in the city at 8:40. Both were traveling on the main line. The latter train dashed into the rear of the former, causing the wreck.

The scene of the wreck is horrible beyond words. The relief train had not arrived at 10:30 a. m. The moans of the dying were heartrending, and the disfigured bodies of the dead formed an awful spectacle. Only one doctor was aboard either of the trains.

Some of the Dead.

Among the injured is Jacob Salem, president Salem Brick & Lumber company, who boarded the Northeastern train at Slidell.

Mr. Martin, of Slidell, was killed outright. Mr. Lowry, of Chicago, was also one of those killed.

VICTIM OF CONSPIRACY

Is Charge Made by Friends of the Slain Tennessee Statesman.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 11.—The excitement in this city over the terrible tragedy Monday afternoon, in which E. W. Carmack, former United States senator from Tennessee and editor of the Tennessean, this city, was shot and killed by Robin Cooper, a young attorney of Nashville, has to a certain extent abated, yet the tragedy is still the sole topic of conversation in political circles throughout the state.

Colonel Cooper, who was with his son when the latter shot Mr. Carmack, has been remanded to jail without bond, charged with murder. Young Cooper remains under guard at a local hospital where his wounded arm is being treated. His physician says he is getting along as well as could be expected. His preliminary trial on the charge of murder will be held as soon as he is able to leave the hospital.

Both Senator Carmack and the Coopers have many friends here and throughout the state. The friends of the Coopers claim that the affair was merely a street duel. The friends of Senator Carmack say that the killing was the result of a conspiracy, with which men in high authority were connected; that Mr. Carmack was waylaid and assassinated while he was on his way to his boarding house and while he was talking to a lady; that when he left the Tennessean office for his boarding house the fact was telephoned from a house near the Tennessean office, and that thus the Coopers were notified that the senator was on his way and to be on the alert.

It now develops, according to friends of Mr. Carmack, that there was a third party with the Coopers just before the shooting, a former county official, who is a close personal friend of both the Coopers, and Governor Patterson. Friends of the dead senator intimate that there will be sensational developments within the next day or so regarding the affair.

100 NARROWLY ESCAPE

Many Hurt When Fast Train Leaves Track.

Butler, Pa., Nov. 12.—Passenger train No. 11, southbound, on the Bessmer and Lake Erie railroad, running 40 miles an hour, was wrecked five miles notrh of here late last night. Over 100 passengers escaped with slight injuries.

The tender jumped the track in a deep cut and two baggage cars and two coaches were hurled against the bank, turning half over on their sides.

George Mitchell, a Pittsburg traveling man, forced open a door of one coach with a timber, releasing 40 passengers. Many climbed out of windows. One car caught fire, but the blaze was quickly extinguished.

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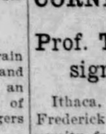

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Do your simplest duty towards your nearest neighbor, if it be the humblest of your dumb relations; and somehow the bells of heaven will begin to ring in your soul.

MONDAY

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those who come in contact with you and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.

TUESDAY

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

WEDNESDAY

What does anxiety do? It does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; but ah! it empties today of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it if it comes.

THURSDAY

Who shall estimate the value of the tender pity, the loving interest, the kindly deed, the helpful encouragement, and cheering word? Is not each of us daily uplifted and inspired by just such blessed trifles?

FRIDAY

Be kind! Be kind! The days are speeding fast;
The time for kindly deeds will soon be past.
Speak only words thou wilt should be thy last.

SATURDAY

I know that love is never wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live, as a joy in the air.

DO YOUR PART

ELIZABETH AYRES.

If you are despondent, if you are wrapped in gloom, know that it is your part to have a quiet talk with yourself and see how much you are to blame for this condition of mind. Do not blame someone else, but ask and answer the question: "What am I doing to bring the shadows around me?"

Sometimes this is a difficult question to answer, especially if you are firmly convinced you are being wronged or ill-treated, but an occasional season of communion with self is likely to bring a realization that within yourself lies at least part of the cause for your unhappiness.

The character of your thoughts has everything to do with your mental ease or unrest. If you are sure you are always right, that you are the abused one, that others are making your unhappiness while you are blameless, in short, if you are in a state of revolt against existing circumstances, then it is time to take yourself in hand and try to discover where you are in error.

Each recognition of your own error means new strength to go forward if you heed its lesson and profit by its teachings. Should you find the way to see clearly and to understand when and where you are wrong, do not let self-depreciation rob you of the power to develop the best that is in your nature. You are not the only one who has followed a mistaken course, and there are few mistakes which cannot be mended if you try earnestly and without faltering.

"It is nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there, that's disgrace."

To develop the best; to crush out that which makes you and others unhappy is one of life's great achievements, and may be attained only by constant striving. There is none who can make you happy if you do not do your part. Happiness comes from within, and while everyone is strongly influenced by surroundings and associations, it rests largely with yourself whether you turn toward the shadows or lift your face to the light.

"The temper of the mind in which we meet the hundred and one tiny circumstances of every hour determines our happiness or unhappiness far more than does the detail of what those circumstances are. We cannot choose the circumstances, but we can choose the temper."

It is a good thing to always expect more and more of life; to always expect more and more of yourself. To get in the way of thinking you have nothing to look forward to is to become useless in the world. Nothing ever comes to a full stop. You are a part of God's great universe, placed here to be a worker and a helper as long as you have the gift of life, and it rests with you to discover how this work may be best directed.

To be sorry for yourself is a waste of time and sympathy. It shows an ill-temper of the mind which needs correcting. It shows that your thoughts are going wrong and that you are not extending good will toward all the world. Find out where you are in fault if you are not happy; the blame never can be placed on others entirely, and, when your mistakes are revealed to your vision, do your part by recognizing them, and by avoiding their repetition.

Though you may stumble and fall many times in the difficult task of self-conquest, let not discouragement prove the stronger, and if night comes down on a day of failure, remember you can always make a new start in the morning.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

HABIT.

"Man is a bundle of habits."—Paley.

"Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness."—Carlyle.

We have all seen a narrow, beaten path across a field which has been made by people taking a "cut across" to shorten the distance between two points. At first the path is scarcely discernible, but as it is traveled day after day, and week after week, it becomes a well-defined, hard-beaten path. It is the same with a habit—it grows more and more upon one by constant repetition until, like the beaten path, it is seen by all beholders and becomes second nature.

Habits may be good or bad. The divine injunction: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is as true today as when it was uttered. It is also true, that if a child is brought up in the way he should not go, he will not depart from that way, either.

It is remarkable how soon habits form. Let a little child sleep in a room in which a light is left burning, and inside of a week he will cry if the light is removed. Rock him to sleep until he is a few weeks old, and the chances are you will have to continue doing so. Nourish him and put him to sleep at certain hours, and, at the recurrence of these hours he will demand nourishment and sleep.

In like manner, habits which result in success or failure in later life are soon formed; sooner than many realize. One boy forms the habit of improving his time, of being punctual, of studying systematically, of doing his tasks with thoroughness and accuracy. Another boy forms habits of indolence, tardiness, inattention, and slipshod methods of doing things. One becomes a successful man, while the other turns out a failure.

Teach a child habits of sobriety, industry, honesty, and virtue, and he will make a man of whom the community in which he lives will be proud. Bring him up in habits of opposite character, and he will turn out to be a loafer, a drunkard, a dishonest, vicious man from whom every one steers clear as if from the plague.

Some children are allowed to grow up without any special training, being permitted to form their own habits from those they come in contact with on the streets, or wherever they may chance to be. A child left to himself thus, seldom forms habits that bring success in later years, for the simple reason that it is much easier going down than it is going up, and, unless he is early taught habits of industry, virtue and honesty, he will learn those of opposite character which will stick to him through life, and ruin his usefulness.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—Wm. Bawden.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

We have taken The Blade before this year, but never has this department interested me as it has lately. The reason, no doubt, is because I need it, and have found many useful hints from the sisters who have written. Perhaps I may come again and bring some useful helps, but this time I am seeking assistance myself. It is that everlasting problem, housework. I thought I knew how to keep house, but since another child has been added to the family, it has ended by the house keeping me. My children are healthy, happy little things, and are the sunshine of our little home. I will admit they are not very much care. I do not do much of my sewing, although I would like to if I could find the time, but I am continually behind with my daily housework, and, while I work late at night, I cannot catch up so as to begin right the next day. I do not iron many of the clothes, but almost always have a "nest egg" left over for the coming week. I churn twice a week. I like to wash on Tuesday, but I have to churn on Monday, and then I have my butter to pack the next day. I do not like to start my washing on Sunday, or I could wash Monday and churn Tuesday. And so it goes. I have tried washing on Wednesday, but then I do not get any ironing done.

How do women with more to work for get along? That is what puzzles me, and I thought some of the sisters would tell me through The Blade. I shall gladly welcome any information. I plan continually, but my plans don't work to suit me. I will say goodbye now, and watch this page for the solution of my difficulties.—Brown Eyes from the East.

I hope some of our experienced housewives will help to solve this problem, as "Brown Eyes" certainly seems to be in a tangle.—Editor.

FROM A NEBRASKAN.

Will you admit a Nebraska farmer's wife? I am the mother of three, healthy, mischievous boys, therefore my house is not always in the best of order. I used to think when I was single, that when I had a home of my own, everything was to be neat as a pin, but alas! I did not plan for little fingers to mark my windows, and muddy feet to soil my floor. But what is home without the babies? Years fly by and they will soon be grown. Then we shall think of those little finger prints on the windows, and long to hear the patter of busy little feet. We shall wish they were small again, even if our rooms are often topsy-turvy.

Pet Lamb, try boilng water and a little salsoda in your scrub water to keep the floor white.

How many know that a little coal oil added to the water with which the windows are washed will make them much clearer and dry them quicker?

Listen! I believe I hear some one whispering, "Isn't she a chatterer?"—Nebraskan.

AN APPRECIATION.

It is nearly a year since I have written a letter to the Corner, although I have read and enjoyed it each week. How swiftly the years pass by, especially to us who are no longer young. We had a beautiful summer with its sunshine and showers to hasten the growing of the grass, fruit and grain, and now we have had the frosts which brought the gathering time of the products of the earth.

The Household page is a great help to me in many ways. I enjoy the Cozy Corner with its helpful exchange of thought. The children's letters are a source of pleasure, and so are the many good things in the M. G. R. The old songs are a joy to my heart. I knew and sang so many of them years ago. I thank those of our circle who sent sympathizing words to me. They help so much when one must sit and wait.—Mrs. Clark of Iowa.

INQUIRIES.

Sylvia Taylor asks directions for making candied fruits. She would like to know also how to make feathers look natural and "fluff out" after they are colored.

Brown-Eyed Maid, who says she is an inexperienced cook, wants to know how to make cream puffs.

Prompt answers to inquiries are much appreciated by your editor.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Good letters, recipes and suggestions of various kinds have come in during the past week, all of which we are glad to have and shall make use of as soon as possible.

Letters recently received are from Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Mrs. Dell, Mrs. A. A. B., S. Michigan, A True Friend to the Cozy Corner, Aunt Florence, and Salome of Michigan.

Do not falter or shrink,
But just think out your work,
and just work out your think.
NIXON WATERMAN.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Mince pie is one of the staple dishes for holidays. An excellent rule for the meat which, of course, must be made at least two weeks in advance, is this: Mince fine two cups of boiled beef and six apples; add a quart and a half of sweet cider, a cup of currant jelly, the grated rind and juice of two lemons and two oranges, two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful each of salt and cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg and pepper, two pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of shredded citron, a pound of chopped suet, and a cup of shredded candied orange peel. Flavor with the rich juice of spiced or pickled peaches to taste, or add vinegar boiled down to a syrup with sugar. This rule makes much richer and more spicy pies than any other and will be found delicious.—Harper's Bazar.

From Lillian Van Doren is this recipe for Graham Gems: Sift together one good cupful of graham flour, a half cup of wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add to a well-beaten egg a cup of milk, and last, a teaspoonful of melted butter. Bake in a hot oven. "Fine—try them."

From one of our good friends who signs her name "A Pilgrim," comes this recipe for Cream soup:—One pint of mashed potatoes, one cup of rich milk, a lump of butter as large as you wish to use, two pints of boiling water. Salt and pepper to suit your taste. It is good seasoned with onions, celery, parsley or sage. Please try it and report how you like it.

Dora R. Holt has sent in the way to make tamales, and says, "it is easier to make them than to tell how. It is necessary to use meal to make the mush for them, instead of hominy, for we do not have the stone pestle and mortar for pounding it in, but the meal is nearly as good. I saw a pestle and mortar that were 200 years old."

The recipe is this: Cook the meat or chicken until it is tender. Lift it out of the kettle and stir meal into the soup, making a rather thick mush. Take two pods of red pepper four or five inches long. Split them and remove the seeds. Place over the fire in a pan of water. Cook until the flesh will scrape off easily. Scrape this in a pan. Mix a tablespoonful of flour in a paste and cook with the peppers. Spread clean corn husks with mush; lap the edges, and then lay a piece of meat or chicken on the mush with a teaspoonful of the pepper. Roll up and tie around the middle and at each end, with a string of shuck. It will make a ball about three inches through, and four or five long. One chicken will make about seventeen tamales. When all are ready, place in a kettle, cover with water and boil for two hours. Then you have a dish that all Mexicans love and many Americans.

From H. A. T. we have this way of baking beans:—Soak a pound and a half of white soup beans over night. Put into fresh water and boil half an hour. Drain them dry. Lay slices of thin pork in the bottom of an earthen crock, then a layer of beans, followed by tomatoes, a few slices of pork, sprinkled with salt, pepper and sugar, then alternate ingredients until the crock is full, having the top layer beans with a few slices of the pork. Put in the oven, and as the top browns, stir occassioinally until the ebans are baked through. The tomatoes furnish plenty of moisture.

Mrs. J. De Clercq sends us this for Tomato Soup: One canful, or about 6 nice tomatoes. Stew in a pint of water ten minutes, then add one-third of a teaspoonful of baking powder. After it has foamed, add one quart of milk. Salt and pepper and a piece of butter same as for oyster soup, and when it boils, take off the stove, add a few crackers, and serve.

In making fruit butters, such as plums, apples, grapes, etc., always cook them in the oven. This way saves time and they never burn on the bottom.

Here are four ways to cook carrots:—Baked as potatoes are baked, roasted with meat, boiled till tender, and then fried brown; and boiled till tender and covered with white sauce, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

To make an inexpensive white cake that is like angel food, beat the whites of three eggs, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

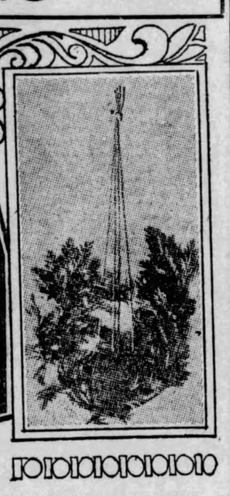
To cut hot brown bread, draw a clean, strong white thread sharply and firmly across the loaf, pushing it down equally on either side. The result will be clean, smooth slices, free from the stickiness that comes from knife-cutting.

INDOOR GARDENING

There is no difficulty in arranging a garden composed of plants which do not require any soil for their culture, says Good Housekeeping. Perhaps one of the most interesting subjects for the garden without soil is the sprouting carrot stump. For this purpose any old roots will do well, and all that is necessary for their preparation is to cut them off cleanly about three inches from the top. With a blunt knife scoop out the inside of the stump, leaving a good shell all round. Then bore four holes through the piece of carrot, so that two lengths of string may be threaded through and the stump suspended head downward. Now hang all the prepared carrots in a light position and fill up each receptacle with water.. All that will now be needed is to keep each stump supplied with water, and if the illumination comes from a side position, turn the carrots round every few days. Quite soon the old stumps will begin to send out shoots, and in a week or so every one will be a mass of beautiful, feathery foliage. If these are not allowed to flag for want of water they will continue in a growing state for a long time.

Many kinds of seeds may be grown as subjects for the garden without soil, and will always delight the eye by their fresh green appearance. Mustard, for instance, will germinate and flourish quite a long time on a piece of flannel which is kept in a moist condition. More original effects may be secured by sprinkling the seed on a good-sized sponge, as shown in an accompanying illustration. The manner of procedure entails very little trouble. In the first place the sponge should be well cleansed, and when in a moist condition placed on the top of a tumbler or an old jar. Now sow the seed fairly thickly, taking care that it is evenly distributed over the surface of the sponge. If it is desired to germinate the seed quickly, the sown sponge should be placed in a dark cupboard, where the temperature is well maintained. In a period varying from one to three days it will be found that the seeds have burst open, revealing the little plants. Now is the time to bring the whole thing out into the full light, when the seedlings will rapidly develop. Constant attention will be necessary to see that the sponge does not get dry, or the delicate foliage will speedily shrivel up. With care the mustard plants could be made to last for several weeks, at the end of which time the sponge may be freed from the old seedlings and a fresh sowing be made.

Mustard Growing in a Sponge.



The Sprouting Carrot Stump.

Every window in a house may have its small winter garden if one chooses. From among the plants that love shade and the others that must have sun it is possible by careful selection to suit all situations. But I would not advise giving up the air and light space of many windows to growing plants; instead, I would suggest that one entire bay or recessed window be devoted to them and all the display made there.

If the usual house plants are to be the feature of the window, garden pots will be the more convenient way of handling them; but if something original is desired, a window-box wherein pansies, violets, ageratum, alyssum, mignonette, or almost any low growing and free-flowering plant can be sown in a mass, as in an outdoor bed, will be a delightful change.

Whatever you decide upon, choose a few varieties and have several plants of each rather than crowding the space with single plants of many kinds. And remember that the temperature for plants should be lower than that of the modern living room and that they must have fresh air as well as water.

The Chinese primrose has long been a favorite with window-gardeners because of its constant, free-flowering qualities. Get plants at once and pot them in a light, spongy soil, being careful to have the crown of each plant well elevated above the surface, which should slope away from it on all sides so that the water may run away from the plant rather than collect about it. Otherwise the stem and roots will decay. The crown of the plant will form several divisions after a little, from each one of which flowers will be produced very freely during the entire winter. The cyclamen is another very pleasing winter-flowering plant for amateur use. Its oddly recurved and twisted petals suggest white, pink and carmine butterflies hovering over the beautifully marked foliage. Procure strong roots, and pot in rich, sandy loam, well drained. Set the corm on the surface of the soil, pressing it down about half its depth. Water moderately. Plants generally begin to bloom in December, and until May they will seldom be without flowers.—The Circle Magazine.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

It is not the regulation time for a letter, but the spirit moves me, so "bear with me" for awhile, as the preachers say.

Speaking of preachers, reminds me that we have an abundance here in this great west, and we hear some of the strangest doctrines. All of the various preachers claim to back up their belief and prophecy by the Bible. It is vain babble to a great extent. I do not say they are altogether wrong, for there is some good in all religious sects, but let us keep the faith we have been guided by from infancy, those of us who have been blessed with Christian homes and have been reared in the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or some of those good old churches that have stood the storms of time, and let us be grounded in the faith.

I should like to know if any of this circle are Methodist Protestants. I have been one for a number of years; in fact I was born one. My father was a minister in the church and I love it with an undying love. Remember, I am not prejudiced, but I am a loyal Christian and also a loyal Methodist Protestant. I haven't seen one in so long, I have forgotten what they look like. They have no church here nearer than Lawton, Oklahoma, about three hundred miles away, but I should be tempted to visit that town were it a little nearer, for no other reason than to worship with kindred spirits once more.

Last night was Hallowe'en. I went to a party, and then we went out for a little mischief. That looks bad, I suppose, by the light of day, but it was only a little fun, and our people are good natured, so we never hesitate to fool them once a year. Some of them do not object to a gate off the hinges, a well curb upside down, a sidewalk removed, a wagon in the front yard, or cabbages on the porch.

I am like a number of you and wish I might meet some of our circle and know them personally. When I get too anxious, I take a hand mirror and see one face to face; one who thinks I am all right, who sympathizes with all my troubles, has plenty of consideration for my faults, cries with me, sighs with me, and has lots of fun with me. Yes, to be honest with myself, I think I see one who thinks more of my pleasure than of anyone else's, one who does more for me, who is really selfish—but don't tell her I said this.

Now, keep this to yourself, and I'll tell you a little more. She thinks she is pretty and bright and everything nice, in truth, she is vain, but do not be shocked, if you look in the hand mirror, I think you may find just such a bunch of conceit.

Please do not tell anybody about this girl, at least, do not tell—Cherokee Girl.

It is now about time for me to pay dues, and as letters of travel seem to be in order I will say a few words about the sights I have seen since last I wrote.

While in Ft. Wayne, Ind., last spring I visited Old Fort Park, which stands on the site of the old fort built by "Mad Anthony Wayne." One with any military genius at all cannot fail to note General Waynes' wisdom in selecting the location, as by it he had command of the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Marys rivers, also their outlet, the Maumee.

Old Fort Park is a small, but pretty place, and contains several mementoes of war times. It is kept in memory of the historical importance of the old fort.

I next went to the county museum, where are kept General Wayne's camp bedstead and many other relics of the history of that section of Indiana.

Toledo was the next place where I stopped and, of course, I called on the dear old Blade. As Miss Prudence was not in just then, I did not make myself known, but went on to Cleveland, where I visited the tomb of our martyred president, Garfield. After a short stay on the lake. I found myself in the city of Indianapolis—our own dear capital city.

The most notable sight of this city is the Soldiers and Sailors' monument, which now occupies the old governor's circle. This monument is famed for the beauty of its massive carvings, those on the east side showing battle scenes, and those on the west, home scenes at the opening of the war. The north and south sides bear record of Indiana soldiers in the three wars since we became one of the states of this great Union.

Next I went to the state museum in the capitol. Here, among samples of Indiana products and relics of our history. I searched out an old, scarred, smoky flag, and as I bowed my head before it, my mind's eye saw my father follow it at second Bull Run, Gettysburg, Wilderness and many other hard fought fields of '61-65.

Across the room is another flag bearing more stars and much brighter, and it is just as dear to me as when I followed it in '98 and '99.

But, perhaps, my letter is becoming too lengthy so I will close.—A Hoosier Rustic.

I am sorry not to have been in when you called on The Blade. If you are around this way again, "drop in."—Miss Prudence.

Having returned from a vacation, and seeing so many papers for me, I was anxious to know what was going on in the M. G. R. circle. The first night at home I was kept busy until 12 o'clock reading the Household pages. I read until I had finished the last edition. I was pleased to hear from Western Witch and was sorry I did not have my papers forwarded, as I was visiting friends west of McGuires and spent a short time at Sucker lake. Newman lake would probably have had more attractions for me. I expect to visit there lake would probably have had more at- next year.

While in Spokane, I visited the fair and was very well pleased with all the exhibits, especially the fruit. The cattle and horses were perfect, and well worth the time spent in seeing them. The airship proved to be a great attraction, and, as it sailed over the town, crowds of people gave vent to their enthusiasm. My best wishes to all the M. G. Rs.—English Lad.

A PRAYER.

Our Father who art in Heaven,
Thy blessing we implore,
That these, Thy loving children,
May enter through the door,

Which is Jesus our great Saviour,
To the realms of bliss and love,
And ever live to praise Thee
In the mansions above.

May Thy loving arm protect them,
And thine ever watchful eye,
May it always shine upon them,
And Thy presence e'er be nigh.

Pour thy spirit out upon them
And cause them to understand,
That in every time of trouble,
Thou wilt lend a helping hand.

Be to them a shield, a cover,
A protection from all sin,
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Therefore gently lead them in.

May Thy loving arm protect them,
This we ask Thee once again,
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
And for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Written for The Blade by Clyde J. Pierce.

I thought I heard a murmur of voices, and oh, how my ears burned! I listened, and discovered it was Golden Rod talking about me. I do not know whether she meant to or not, but she certainly succeeded in arousing my curiosity, so I figured it this way: There is only one trolley line to Rock Spring park, and that one runs from the Diamond in East Liverpool, so that must be your town. If you can make it to the Park in five minutes, you must live close to the Chester bridge, and then the car would have to "go some," as it takes almost that long to run from the bridge. You see, I happen to live in East Liverpool myself, and my first thought was, I wonder if she is "wet," or "dry." You know we have just voted on local option, and that is the leading subject of interest. I am dry, decidedly so.

I've been eavesdropping and consequently heard a few things in the Cozy Corner, too. I want to endorse all that Jonathan says. My mother was 65 years old at her death. We had, as she had desired to have, everything white, and nothing but experience can tell you how much easier it makes the burden of sorrow.

I, too, love The Blade, and enjoy the descriptive letters so much. My husband and I often take rambles over the hills and out in the country. I love the grand old hills.—Little Mountain Sister.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

The letters answering our new question, "What do you consider is success?" are beginning to come, and we have several very good ones. Next week's M. G. R. will be a "Success" column.

Oliver Goldsmith, whose path of life was by no means a smooth one, remarked that our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Those who have written to the M. G. R. recently are: Uncle Sam, Somebody's Dearie, Em. T. Head, Red Head, Saginaw Bach, Mrs. L. Holden, Lillian Van Doren and Merura.

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it.—Shakespeare.

Miss Printer: I think I have omitted to thank you for your postal and the kind message written on it. I thank you now, several times over.—Miss Prudence.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

THE HIDDEN PLAYTHINGS

"What are you children doing?" asked mamma in surprise, as she saw Ned and Florence packing away their playthings in an old trunk in the woodhouse. "You know Fred and Helen will be here today and will want all your things."

"That's the reason we are putting them away, mamma. They have the loveliest playthings and we don't want them to see our old things," explained Ned, while Florence wrapped her cherished rag doll in its scarlet cloak before it went into the trunk. "They would laugh at our playthings, so we are not going to show them."

"Nobody shall laugh at you, Polly, dear," said Florence, giving the rag baby a last hug. "Helen has a doll that came from Paris, but she isn't a bit nicer than my Polly."

"Why do you think they will laugh at your playthings?" asked mamma, trying to keep back a smile. "Don't you think you are doing a foolish thing?"

"They will laugh if they see them," said both children, positively, though they could give no reason for saying it. "Please don't tell them we hid our things."

So Mrs. Gray promised, and the only things left in the corner of the sitting-room when Fred and Helen came were Florence's best doll and the train Santa Claus had brought to Ned the Christmas before. The two children from the city thought these were few playthings, but they were too polite to say anything, so Ned and Florence got along very well that first evening.

"Oh, corn cobs! Goody!" screamed Helen next morning, when they went with Aunt Rose to feed the chickens. "Our kindergarten teacher showed us how to make the loveliest cob houses you ever saw when we were in the country once before. Do you remember how, Fred? I wish I could take a whole trunkful home with me."

"Course I remember," said Fred, erecting a wonderful house out of the clean red and white cobs. "Now, if we just had some buckeyes, we could make a field with sheep and cows in it."

Florence started to say, "We have plenty of buckeyes," but she suddenly remembered they were in the old trunk, so she closed her lips. Fred had to take grains of corn for the animals, so they had to pretend they were all tiny pigs and lambs and calves instead of horses and cattle. All the children went to building houses and churches and schools, till the granary floor looked like a prosperous village."

"Isn't it lovely to have such nice playthings?" said Fred, when they had to leave the village and go into dinner. "I wish I could have little boats and things, but there is no room in our flat."

"Mamma told us how she used to make rag dolls when she was a little girl, auntie," said Florence. "I'm going to try it this afternoon."

"I'm going to get Polly out," said Florence suddenly. "I'm sorry she's been shut up all this time."

"I don't care," said her brother. "I want my shells and jackstones anyway, so let's open the trunk."

"And you hid all these lovely things?" said the city children, when the rag dolls and the home-made furniture and the little tools came to light once more. "Were you afraid we'd break them?"

"We thought you'd laugh at them," faltered two little voices. "You have such nice ones, and these looked so ugly."

"I wish we could have some like them," said Helen, hugging Polly, "I'm going to make a dolly just exactly like this one anyway."

"And I'm going to have some buckeyes for cows and sheep if there are any more on the trees. Just think! We've lost a whole morning when we might have been playing with these nice things. If you hide your playthings the next time we come, we won't stay a minute," said Fred.

"We never will again," said Ned and Florence, and they kept their word.—Hilda Richmond, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE POETS' CORNER

THREE YEARS AGO TODAY

Charles E. Halpine.

Three years ago today we raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster our names were thirty-seven,
There were just a thousand bayonets, and the swords were thirty-seven.
As we took the oath of muster with our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gala day, in memory still adored,
The day of the regiment's nuptials, the musket and the sword;
Shrill rang the fifes and the bugles blared,
Beneath the cloudless heaven, twinkled a thousand bayonets,
The swords were thirty-seven.

Of that thousand stalwart bayonets, two hundred marched today,
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps, and hundreds in Maryland lay:
Other hundreds less happy, drag their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long sleep of the battlefield's holy ground.

For the swords one night—'twas a week ago, the remnant was just eleven,
As we gathered round that banquet board with seats for thirty-seven:
There were two limped in on crutches, and two had but each a hand,
To pour the wine and raise the cup, as we toasted our flag and land.

The room seemed filled with whispers as we gazed on those vacant seats,
With choking throats we pushed aside the rich, but untasted meats,
Then, in silence we filled our glasses, and there rose up just eleven,
We bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead who had made us thirty-seven.

SAVIN' MOTHER.

By Eva Sadler.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney-nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently.
Tired and weary, and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint;
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
"There's taxes to raise and int'rest to pay,
And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to say,
T' have somethin' put by; for folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills an' gravestones to buy,
Enough to swamp a man, pretty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.

"So'f I was you,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extry fire don't do any good—
I'd be savin' of soap an' savin' of ile,
An' run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea.
For sugar is high,
An' all to buy,
An' cider is good enough for me.
I'd be kinder careful about my clo'es,
An' look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nature knows,
An' extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
An' eggs is as good, nigh, about's the money;
An' as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one do.
An' as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents is pesky mean—
You'd better get rid of 'em slick an' clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they calculate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row;
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw, with quiver of lip and chin—
And then with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

GOOD NIGHT.

Again the parting hour has come,
Again we think of home, sweet home;
But linger still with fond delight,
To say the gentle words, good night.

CHORUS.

Good night, good night, good night, good night,
We leave our joys to memory bright,
Sweet slumber soon will o'er us fall,
Good night, good night, good night to all.

'Tis pleasure sweet without alloy,
To mingle 'mid these scenes of joy;
But brightest joys must take their flight,
As oft we breathe the fond good night.

As sinks the day star in the west
Thus calmly may we sink to rest;
Dreaming of fadeless pleasure bright,
When endless joy shuts out the night.

THANATOPSIS.

W. C. Bryant.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hour
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding Sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world; with kings,
The powerful of the Earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,—
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the Sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brook
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden Sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All the tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
Th' innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

MESSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Up from the sea, the East Wind pro
Sent forth his vassals of mist a
cloud,
Across the marshes, o'er plain and h
To scale the mountain and work h
will.
Gray ... swift through gor
and ravine
Assen... ...es in silvery sheen,
Birds of fil-omen, heavy of wing,
With cold, damp claws that seem
cling.

The highest crags of the mounta
crown,
In wrath they seize to hurl them do
So strong the force, so swift they r
That soon they cover the mounta
side,
Soon shut from sight its grand
head
In darksome folds, mysterious dre

Short is the time of triumph.
The gray mist may not stay,
Hurled back from mighty headlands
Ragged, they slink away.

The grandeur and the firmness,
The beauty which they wear,
Appear in sharpest outline,
The mountains still are there!

O, vision for the sorrowing,
Who sit in darkest night!
O, vision for the tempted,
Who lose the sense of right!

O, lesson for the doubting,
Who feel that truth is hid;
Is wrapt by mystic fingers
In clouds and fog amid!

The Rock of Ages standeth
In strength and beauty fair!
All glorious and abiding.
The Eternal God is there!

POEMS WANTED.

The poem entitled, I Said to the Ro
written by Senator Thurston, is
much wanted. It begins: "O rose, sw
rose, will you lie on my heart tonigh

The verses are requested in which
these lines:
This world's a hollow bubble, don't y
know,
Just a painted piece of trouble, don't y
know.

A poem opening with the wor
"Mother mine, mother mine," is
quested.

The words are wanted of a song
which these lines are a clue:
Could I ever forget my mother's do
step,
Where we so often knelt in prayer

The songs, Always in the Way, a
Some Day I'll Wander Back Again, a
wanted.

A poem asked for begins: "D
mother, the long blue summer
gone."

15 YEARS OF SUFFERING

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Tortured Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail.

USED CUTICURA; IS WELL AGAIN

"After an attack of rheumatism running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomfort and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. He began to use them and in three weeks all the sores were dried up. The burning fire stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Prince Frenchville, Me., July 21, 1907."

GERMANY IS INDIGNANT

Exhibitions of Violence and Grievance Result of the Kaiser's Interview

Berlin, Nov. 16.—While public indignation over the emperor's famous interview is increasing, his majesty announced today that the sudden death of General Count Huelsen-Haeseler, chief of the German military cabinet, has made it imperative that his interview with Cancellor Von Buelow, to have been held today, must be deferred.

The emperor will return to Berlin Tuesday, when the meeting between him and the imperial chancellor, which the country awaits with intense feeling, is expected to occur.

Public irritation against the emperor seems to increase with the delay in the emperor's receiving the chancellor. The expectation appears to be that the emperor, if he recognizes the feeling of the country, will make some sort of a declaration which may tranquilize his subjects.

The depth of the popular sense of grievance against the emperor is almost inexplicable. One of the leaders of the national Liberals in the reichstag said: "The emperor has lost 75 per cent of his influence in Germany within two weeks."

Has Lost Influence.

The general manager of one of the principal machinery works in Berlin, who was present when this remark was made, added:

"Yes, he has lost ninety per cent."

Since the growing feeling against Emperor William's personal initiative both in internal and external affairs was suddenly released by his now famous published interview, there have been exhibitions of violence that are astonished even the advanced radicals. The interview merely has been the occasion for a passionate expression of the German people's desire that the sovereign's power shall be limited to close constitutional interpretations.

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

Remarkable Result of the New Tissue Builder Protone, in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Prove It Yourself by Sending Coupon Below for a 50c Package, Free.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Protone, for the building up of weight and real nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer and almost everything else you could think of,

Any Man or Woman Who Is Thin Can Recover Normal Weight by the Remarkable New Treatment, Protone.

but without result. I had been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable processes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

Protone is a powerful inducer of nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect assimilation of food, increases the number of blood-corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscles and solid healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment will prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener.

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. It is absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Protone Company, 785 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich., will send to anyone who sends name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work. They will also send you their book telling "Why You are Thin," free of charge, which facts will probably astonish you. Send coupon below today with your name and address.

FREE PROTONE COUPON.

The Protone Company, 785 Protone Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

I want to put on more flesh, so please send me a free 50c package of your remarkable Protone discovery. Protone, all charges prepaid, together with your free book telling me why I am thin. As an evidence of good faith I inclose ten cents to help cover postage and packing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

GRAFT'S FOE IS SHOT

Man He Exposed Fires at Frisco Prosecutor, but Fails in Attempt to Kill.

San Francisco, Nov. 14.—The San Francisco bribery graft cases had a dramatic climax late yesterday, when Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Heney, who has prosecuted the graft cases for two years, was shot and seriously wounded in Judge Lawlor's crowded court room by Morris Haas, an ex-convict, who said Heney's expose had ruined him. The shooting occurred during a brief recess in the third trial of Abraham Ruef, charged with bribery.

Mr. Heney is now resting easily in the Lane hospital, and the physicians say his wound will not be fatal unless blood poisoning should develop from burned powder in the wound.

Haas Sought Revenge.

Haas is in the city prison. He is a saloonkeeper, who was drawn on the jury panel in the second trial of Ruef, and who, after having been temporarily passed by both sides, was exposed in a dramatic manner by Mr. Heney and discharged from the jury. Haas declared after the shooting that Heney had ruined his life by the exposure and that he had determined to kill him for that reason.

Leading citizens of San Francisco last night issued a proclamation announcing Heney had been shot and urging the people to assist in a relentless prosecution of the graft cases. Two prominent attorneys offered their services and arrangements were perfected to resume the prosecutions at once.

At 4:45 this morning the Lane hospital authorities said: "Mr. Heney has passed a very good night. He has slept a considerable portion of the time and is resting as easily as could be expected."

"Will Live to Prosecute."

"I will live to prosecute both Haas and Ruef," was one of the wounded man's first statements after he had recovered consciousness.

Mr. Heney had finished the cross-examination at noon of James Gallagher, the prosecution's most important witness in all the bribery graft cases and the confessed "go between" of Reuf and the former board of supervisors.

Mr. Ach, chief counsel for Ruef, had subjected Gallagher to a severe cross-examination for two hours, when Judge Lawlor declared a brief recess at 4:05. The jury filed out, and Mr. Heney and Ach and Dozier, at the request of the judge, went into his chamber to confer with him on some proposed instructions to the jury. At the close of the conference Ach, Dizier and Judge Lawlor went out of the court room in front of the building.

Mr. Heney stepped for a moment into an ante-rom and then came back to his counsel table. There was still a large crowd in the room.

Mr. Heney was leaning over on his table conversing in low tones with Mr. McCabe, chief clek in the district attorney's office. A reporter had just walked to Mr. Heney's table and was standing at his left elbow when a small man, neatly attired, approached from behind with quick steps, but with deliberation. Suddenly his right hand shot out and before the newspaper man, McCabe or John Foley, Heney's special bodyguard, sitting about eight feet away, could make a move, there was a flash and a loud report rang through the court room.

Everybody Stunned.

For a moment everybody seemed stunned. The assassin, whose revolver was within a foot and a half of Heney's head when he pulled the trigger, stepped back, his arms by his sides, one hand still clutching the smoking pistol, as if he hesitated what to do next. For a second an impressive silence followed the report while the smoke of the shot floated away. Then followed a dramatic scene.

Some one shouted: "My God, he has shot Heney."

A chorus of exclamations escaped the spectators. Half the people, evidently fearing further shooting, made a frantic rush for the doors. Before Haas could raise the pistol again, Foley and E. J. Wiskotchill, a special policeman, threw him to the floor and wrested the weapon from his grasp.

Haas struggled hard, but was dragged to the jury box, thrown on his back and held there just as the jurors, attracted by the shot, came bursting through their private entrance.

Called for His Wife.

Mr Heney, as the shot rang out, rose out of his chair, put his hands to his head, the blood streaming through his fingers and reddening the table in front of him, leaned over a moment and was about to fall, when those near caught him and laid him on the floor When the Associated Press representative stepped down by his side and spoke to him, his first words were:

"Send for my wife."

Dr. H. A. Finks rushed to Mr. Heney's side, made a hasty examination and pronounced him fatally wounded.

Mr. Heney was perfectly composed, and the peculiar smile which he is known was still hovering around his lips He also believed that he was fatally hurt. Turning his eyes to John O'Gara, his assistant in the trial, he said:

"I want to make a dying statement. I believe I am going to die.

"I was sitting at my table when I felt what I thought was a blow. I do not know who shot me. I was doing nothing to anyone."

Ruef Is Startled.

"What has happened?" shouted Reuf to the Associated Press representative.

"Heney has been shot," was the reply.

"My God! who did that?" he asked.

Reuf's automobile stood in front of the building and he immediately ordered his chauffeur to get the nearest physician, and the wounded man was conveyed to the Central Emergency hospital, whence he was removed later to the Lane hospital

The report of the attempted assassination spread throughout the city like wildfire and caused intense excitement and indignation. An immense crowd gathered around the court room. Several hundred persons followed the ambulance from the hall to the Central Emergency hospital, and downtown hundreds gathered around the bulletin boards.

Within a few minutes after the shooting, Chief of Police W. J. Biggy and W. J. Burns, formerly United States secret service agent, and now at the head of special detectives employed by the prosecution in the bribery graft cases; Dudolph Spreckels, the millionaire who financed the prosecutions; Captains of Police Gleeson, Duke and Wright and a large force of policemen were on the scene. There was no hostile demonstration in the big crowd in front of the building, but some threatening murmurs were heard.

Ruef Is Sought.

Ruef was surrounded by a large crowd, and he quietly slipped away, going with Dr. Tuchter to the latter's office for a little while. This ended the report that the former political boss had disappeared. Special Agent Burns censured some of his men for allowing him to get away, and the chief of police immediately sent men to hunt for him Ruef, however, appeared in front of the building a little later, and was immediately brought into the court room

Directly after the shooting, while Mr. Heney was still lying on the floor, several newspaper reporters approached the assassin, who had not been identified, and asked him for his name. At first he refused to give it, then he said:

"I am Morris Haas. Heney ruined me. I don't care what becomes of me now."

Ruef's attorneys denounced the shooting as a dastardly outrage. Ruef was taken into custody after the shooting to safeguard his personal safety.

The Prisoner Talks.

To the police, the prisoner said:

"Heney pronounced his own death sentence that moment he denounced me in the court."

This, as far as appears from the facts now made public, appears to be the attitude of Haas. He alludes constantly to the shame and disgrace he has experienced since Heney several weeks ago confronted him as he sat in the jury box before a crowded court room with a photograph of himself in convict's stripes. He has expressed a desire to be shot or hanged for what he had done.

Attempt Carefully Planned.

The police are today convinced that Haas had planned carefully his attempt upon Heney's life. In the basement of his home are the marks of numerous bullet holes, indicating that some person had been firing at a target, and neighbors have been found who recall having heard the reports of revolver shots at various times during the past fortnight

Prominent citizens and attorneys of the city gathered last night at a meeting where spirited addresses were delivered, calling upon the public to protect the cause of justice The outcome was a call for a mass meeting to be held tonight in Dreamland pavilion. The call is as follows:

"To the Citizens of San Francisco:

"Francis J. Heney has fallen by the hand of an assassin, shot from behind while fighting at his post in the cause of justice for the people of this city. He would be the first man to appeal to the calm reason of the citizens to preserve order and proceed only by the process of law, to look not for vengeance but to demand swift justice through the courts. We make the same appeal.

Prosecution to Proceed.

"The prosecution will proceed. We are assured that the trial of Abraham Ruef will continue tomorrow and Monday morning without interruption.

"The Citizens' League of Justice calls upon the citizens of San Francisco to lend their aid to the cause of justice, and to that end a mass meeting of citizens is hereby called for Saturday evening, November 15, at Dreamland rink at 8. We call upon every citizen to be present.

"THE CITIZENS' LEAGUE OF JUSTICE."

COOPERS ARE INDICTED

Charged With the Murder of Ex-Senator Carmack

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 14.—Grand jury yesterday returned a true bill in which Col. Duncan B. Cooper, his son, Robin J. Cooper, and former Sheriff John D. Sharp are jointly charged with the murder of former Senator E. W. Carmack, and in the second count of which Sharp is also indicted on the charge of being an accessory before the fact. The name of S. C. Carmack, a brother of the slain man, appears on the indictment as prosecutor.

Physicians attending Robin Cooper, who was wounded in the shoulder by a ball from Carmack's brother, say their patient was doing as well as could be expected. The powder burns on Cooper's face are much better, and the wound in his shoulder is healing rapidly. Cooper will, in all probability, be able to be moved soon to the county jail.

BIG FARM PAPER A WHOLE YEAR FREE

We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for a whole year if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary magazine press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every state in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 520 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

SCHWAB PLACES BLAME ON THE COMMERCE COMMISSION

Says Its Rulings Are Responsible for Present Condition of American Shipping — Talks of Union Labor.

San Francisco, Nov. 13.—In an address delivered at the organization banquet of the Rotary club, a local promotion organization, Charles M. Schwab, head of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, last night, attributed the present condition of American shipping to what he termed "the incomprehensible ruling of the interstate commerce commission," which compels transcontinental railroads to publish their divisions of freight charges with ocean carriers.

Because of this ruling, he declared, it was possible for steamers of foreign registration to quote through rates and underbid the American companies. He advised the citizens of San Francisco to protest against the ruling, and asserted that if he owned one of the lines to which he made reference he would refuse to operate it rather than operate it at a loss.

Another portion of Mr. Schwab's speech was devoted to labor unions. In part he said:

"Never again will any sane, conservative business man build a ship here until the labor situation has materially changed. Until this is brought about you can accomplish nothing in the way of construction or manufacture. The cost of labor in this city is twice as much as in any of the eastern cities, not so much because of the wage paid, but because of the amount and the quality of the work performed. I lost $3,000,000 here in one year because of the attitude of union labor, and scratched it off my books as charged."

INDIANA'S GOVERNOR-ELECT PLAIN, POPULAR, ABLE

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 16.—"Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall" sounds well, and the baptismal records of the little Presbyterian church at North Manchester fifty years ago will undoubtedly attest its correctness. But to the northern Indiana folk who know Indiana's governor-elect best and love him most, he is just "Tom" Marshall—lawyer, orator, wit, and fine citizen—wholesome of life and heart and character, and possessor of the sort of friends whose regard amounts to something akin to devotion.

The governor-elect of Indiana is not an imposing figure from a physical standpoint. He is bigger of brain and heart and ability than of stature. Slight of figure almost to attenuation, rather below the medium height, sharp of feature, with hair profusely silvered with gray and with gray-blue eyes, from which the snap and sparkle is seldom absent. Governor-elect Marshall is a striking figure, despite the fact that the scales register but 140 pounds when he can be prevailed to step upon them. He comes of splendid stock, for back in the strain is Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States supreme court. Born in Indiana little more than fifty years ago, graduated at Wabash college, he has been practicing law at Columbia City, the county seat of Whitley county, since 1876.

T. R. MARSHALL

Not a Politician.

Tom Marshall is not a politician. His friends say he wouldn't know a political deal if he met it in the street. He refused to enter the scramble for the nomination for governor last spring. He declared if the members of his party wanted him as their candidate, they would nominate him.

Throughout the campaign this unique candidate had insisted on defraying his own expenses. He is not wealthy, but it is asserted that during the long canvass no other man was permitted to do so much as to pay a hack fare for Tom Marshall. Reaching home after weeks of absence, but a day before election, he found accumulated there letters from friends all over the state, enclosing voluntary contributions to his campaign fund. They were in amounts ranging from $10 to $500. The total was more than $3,000. Marshall promptly returned every cent of it to the donors with a little note expressing his appreciation, but declaring that if elected he must be absolutely free from promises or obligation to any man save for his gratitude to the people of Indiana for their confidence in him.

Without Children.

His home at Columbia City is filled with books and pictures selected with discriminating taste. It is a real home, and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall are deeply devoted to each other. There are no children, though both husband and wife adore them. It is said Mr. Marshall knows every boy and girl in his home town. Certain it is they all know him and never fail to call to him as he passes upon the street and get a cheery greeting in return.

His oratory has been famous in the northern half of Indiana for years, and it is the kind that takes a firm grip on one's heart strings. In his professional career of more than thirty years Mr. Marshall has been a power before juries, a platform speaker of marked grace and culture and a political orator of marked distinction. He is a Presbyterian and a Mason of high degree. His friends assert with confidence that his place in the public limelight will only serve to acquaint a wider scope with "Tom" Marshall, as they have known him for thirty-five years.

HENEY ASSAILANT DEAD

Haas Kills Himself in Cell With Revolver He Had Secreted in Shoe.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.—Three days have elapsed since Francis J. Heney was shot down in the court room by Morris Haas, who committed suicide in his cell at the county jail Saturday night, and today physicians in attendance upon the prosecutor agree that not a single unfavorable sympton has resulted from the bullet wound in his head.

There is neither fever nor indication of blood poisoning; the patient has shown no unexpected loss of strength and between periods of long and refreshing sleep last night, he asked for and was given a small portion of liquid nourishment.

Voice Not Impaired.

It is even said that Mr. Heney's vocal powers will be unimpaired by the course of the bullet now lodged in the muscles of his throat, and this, in view of the demands upon his voice by the prosecution in which he is engaged, will be welcome news to the assistant district attorney when it has been more definitely ascertained.

Haas went to bed at 8 o'clock Saturday night and covered his face with a blanket. At 8:40 a shot was heard from his cell and when the guards entered it was found that he had rolled out of bed and was lying dead on the floor with a bullet hole in his forehead. A 41-calibre single shot Derringer was grasped in his hand.

His left trouser leg was pulled up and examination showed a mark on his leg where the weapon had rested while concealed in his shoe. Haas wore gaiters with elastic sides which made this possible.

Prosecution Ready.

When Abraham Ruef is brought from the county jail to the court room where Heney was shot last Friday three of the foremost attorneys in San Francisco will answer "ready" on behalf of the prosecution in the trial of the former political boss on a charge of bribing a supervisor in the award of the United Railways overhead trolley franchises. While the resumption of the trial will be a test of the community's temper and while the building and its immediate vicinity will undoubtedly be thronged there is no expectation of any serious demonstration.

In dozens of churches in this city and elsewhere throughout the state, preachers made reference yesterday to the attempt upon Heney's life and affirmed the need of a muncipal cleansing in San Francisco.

QUEEN LIL IS COMING

Honolulu Ex-Queen to Lay Claims Before Uncle Sam

Honolulu, Nov. 12.—Former Queen Liliuokalani has determined to go to Washington, D. C., to urge the recognition of her claims to the lands in the Hawaiian group which were formerly held by the crown.

EMPEROR DIED NOV. 10

Another Report Is That Condition of China's Ruler Shows an Improvement.

Pekin, Nov. 14.—A bulletin issued from the imperial palace at 8 o'clock this evening announces the death of Emperor Kuang Hsu at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

It is believed in the foreign quarters that the emperor has been dead several days. It is the custom of the Chinese to keep deaths in the imperial family secret for some time.

London, Nov. 14.—Owing to the lack of definite information it is not known whether the emperor of China is alive or dead. His death was reported yesterday, and no denial made.

It was also said that the dowager empress was dying. Some dispatches received today tend to confirm the reports of the emperor's death, but one received by Li Ching-Fang, the Chinese minister in London, says that there was a slight improvement in the condition of the emperor, who yesterday was reported dead. No mention was made in the dispatch of the dowager empress.

A dispatch received here this afternoon from the correspondent at Peking of the Reuter Telegram company, says: "The emperor of China died the night of November 10."

Dowager Mortally Ill.

Peking, Nov. 14.—The report of yesterday that the dowager empress of China was mortally ill was today confirmed by the foreign board of the government.

It is reported that at 3 o'clock this afternoon the emperor was so low that his death was regarded as imminent.

Accepted as True.

Tokio, Nov. 14.—In this city the report of the death of the emperor of China is generally accepted as true. The news of his passage is accompanied by a rumor that the Empress-Dowager is also dead, and while this is not given general credence, it is understood that she has been seriously ill for several weeks.

The Associated Press has excellent grounds for believing that the situation in China in the event of the dowager's death, will not be made the occasion of any summary move on the part of Japan, but that the Japanese government will await an agreement of all the powers.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1261 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

WILL LECTURE KAISER

Von Buelow to Tell Him What Country Thinks.

Berlin, Nov. 13.—Chancellor Von Buelow is to meet Emperor William at Kiel Monday. If the chancellor and his sovereign are in agreement on the matter of future policies, and if the chancellor is to remain in office, the German people will at once be informed that his majesty accepts the spirit of the declarations made in the reichstag by the chancellor last Tuesday. These statements were that neither Prince Von Buelow nor any succeeding chancellor could remain in office unless his majesty is more reserved in his utterances.

The chancellor will take with him to Kiel evidence of the feeling in the country regarding the emperor's independent actions in matters of state. He will set forth that the foreign affairs committee of the federal council is firm in the opinion that it would be wiser for the emperor not to express views affecting the relations of the empire with other countries except through his responsible ministers, and that the entire reichstag assented to the declarations that the emperor had exceeded his constitutional prerogatives.

NAME NEW MINISTER

Barra to Succeed Enrique Creel, of Mexico.

Mexico City, Nov. 14.—Francisco L. De La Barra, at present minister to the Netherlands, with residence at Brussels, has been appointed to succeed Enrique C. Creel as Mexican ambassador at Washington. The newly appointed ambassador entered the diplomatic service in 1902, when he represented Mexico as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the South American republics on the Atlantic side. In 1907 he was sent to The Hague.

Cures Constipation Without Medicine

For the Benefit of Our Readers, We Are Pleased to Publish Prof. Midgley's Wonderful, Clean, Straight Talk on How You Can Cure Constipation Without Pills or Medicines.

I can and do cure the worst cases of chronic constipation—cure them to stay cured, and restore the patient to a state of health and happiness such as they had never known before. I can cure constipation, no matter how bad it is. I can show you how to cure yourself right in your own home at a cost of only a few dollars without the use of drugs. Constipation is cured for all time when cured my way.

"You Simply Can't Cure Constipation With Pills, Powders or Potions. Force Is Folly. I Tell You How to Cure Yourself Permanently at Home by the 'Midgley Way' Without Medicines."

Don't delay a moment. It matters not how many doctors have tinkered on your case, or how many pill propositions have discouraged you, my past record of success is sufficient to quickly prove that I can do what I claim. Fill out free coupon herewith and mail today.

FREE COUPON.

Fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to Prof. T. H. Midgley, 2064 Midgley block, Kalamazoo, Mich., and by return mail he will send you free his 60-page illustrated book, showing the simple way of curing constipation permanently without medicine. Write plainly.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN ANTI-TRUST DISTILLERY

WE PAY EXPRESS

Wants to put 100,000 new customers on its books within the next few weeks and as an inducement makes the following introductory offer:—

12 BOTTLE CASE FINEST WHISKEY FOR ONLY $5

OUR OFFER Send us $5.00 and we will send you a case of EXTRA SPECIAL DISTILLATION WHISKEY in 12 large full 16 ounce bottles, all charges prepaid to your nearest express station, without marks to betray contents. The whiskey is the finest blend of straight whiskies (no spirits, no compound, no imitation whiskey—nothing but a blend of straight whiskies.)

Only 5,000 Cases to Be Sold at This Price. Send for a Trial Order Today.

Green Mountain Extra Special Distillation Whiskey has been originally put up for the Drug trade in the New England states, where a large demand for a pure, high grade whiskey exists. The retail druggists pay to the large drug jobbers $8 for the 12 bottle cases, and the druggist sells it over the counter at $1.00 per bottle. The whiskey is fully and thoroughly matured, and is intended for physicians' prescription purposes. Send for an order today to

GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY,

If you want your order filled same day as received, mark your envelope "Personal" and send it to

Money back without discussion if not satisfactory.

Our High Financial Standing We are independent of any trust. Incorporated for $400,000 and are thoroughly reliable and responsible as any bank in Kansas City, Bradstreet's, Dun's or any Express Company will tell you.

M. C. REEFER, PRESIDENT, Warehouse 775 Kansas City, Mo.

CHINA'S EMPRESS DEAD

Three-Year-Old Prince Is Placed Upon Throne of China.

DOWAGER EMPRESS WAS BORN A PAUPER.

Tsze Hsi An, or "western empress," was born November 17, 1834. She was the child of poor people who lived in Peking. At an early age, following a common practice in China, she was sold as a slave by her parents on account of their poverty.

She became the property of a famous general who, enchanted with her great beauty, adopted her and offered her as a present to the reigning emperor, Hsien-Feng. She so charmed the emperor by her looks and intelligence that he made her his secondary wife, and on her bearing him a son, the future Emperor Tung-Chih, raised her to the first rank. On his death she became the regent of the empire, administering the national affairs with more vigor than any of her predecessors.

Peking, Nov. 16.—Tsze Hsi An, the dowager empress of China, the autocratic head of the government, which she directed without successful interference since 1861, and without protest since 1881, died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The announcement of the dowager empress' death was official and followed closely upon the announcement that Kuang-Hsu, the emperor, had died Saturday at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but it is believed that the death of both the emperor and the dowager empress occurred a considerable time before that set down in the official statements.

Pu-Yi on the Throne.

An edict issued at 8 o'clock yesterday morning placed upon the throne Prince Pu-Yi, the three-year-old son of Prince Chun, the regent of the empire, in accordance with a promise given by the dowager empress soon after the marriage of Prince Chun in 1903. An edict issued on Friday made Pu-Yi heir presumptive.

The foreign legations were notified by the foreign board of the death of the emperor and the succession of Prince Pu-Yi. Troops have been in readiness for several days to quell any disorders that might arise on the death of Kuang-Hsu, and the possibility of uprisings was made greater because of the fact that the death of the dowager empress was known to be close at hand.

Prince Chun, the regent, has ordered a hundred days of mourning. The court will go into mourning for three years.

Both Died Alone.

Death-bed observances of three thousand years ago marked the passing of the emperor and dowager. They died alone and unattended, although surrounded by circles of abject spectators, who remained a rod distant, as, on account of the sacred persons of their majesties, they could not be approached. The emperor died as he had lived without ministration of whatever kind or scientific aid. For months he had refused to permit the services of foreign physicians, and, although it was stated that he had gone back to the old form of medical treatment, it is believed that latterly he received no treatment at all.

Both the emperor and empress will be buried in the imperial mausoleum in the Western Hills, just a few miles away from Peking, with which they are connected by rail. All the rulers of the Manchu dynasty are interred there.

DE SAGAN IS SUED

But Anna Withdraws Application to Please Family

Paris, Nov. 16.—A morning paper states that Princess Helie de Sagan (formerly Miss Anna Gould) had actually entered suit for a separation from the prince, on the advice of her attorney, who considered that her separation would greatly increase her chances of success in her pending suit for the custody of her children, but that she withdrew her application at the cabled request of her family, who feared further scandal.

PREDICT JAPANESE WAR

Missionary Says Great Disturbances About Due in Celestial Empire.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11.—Declaring that the youth of China, the younger and more progressive element in the nation would in a great revolution overthrow the present dynasty, Rev. Mr. Christie, a missionary at the Christian and Missionary alliance, stated that great disturbances were about due in the celestial empire, and also that a war with Japan was in contemplation.

Rev. Mr. Christie said:

"The object of the revolutionary movement is the overthrow of the present dynasty which is hated for its conservatism and feared for its power. Within the past year there have been three abortive attempts, as the time for the movement was not ripe.

The present unrest is being fostered by the student element, who, having gained reputation abroad, are urging their less fortunate countrymen in decisive action for their rights. The movement will eventually succeed.

In regard to China's attitude to Japan he said:

"China is not afraid of Japan. The government is working night and day in the training of men for the war with the Japanese that eventually will come. All this talk of consolidation between Japan and China in the event of another war with the western nations is ridiculous."

SAYS BRYAN COULD BECOME EQUAL OF THE APOSTLE PAUL

Burlington, Kan., Nov. 12.—The Rev. French E. Oliver, who is holding a revival meeting here, has issued an open letter to William J. Bryan, urging the Nebraskan to become an evangelist and predicting that Mr. Bryan would become the equal of the apostle Paul.

"Twelve years ago," writes Oliver, "I wrote you a letter in which I stated my conviction that you should preach the gospel, and added the statement that if you would consecrate your wonderful talents to God —as an evangelist, the Bryan of the twentieth century would equal the Paul of the first century, as a champion of the cause of Christ.

"Personally, your three defeats have been three sources of sorrow to me, as I have hoped to see you elected to the presidency. Who knows? Perhaps God has withheld the presidency from you in order that you may become more to your country than President. I am finally convinced that one ambassador of Christ of your calibre is worth more to this nation than ten thousand presidents.

"This impression regarding your fitness for the great work named has been strong in my heart for twelve years, and I pray God that it may become a fire in your great soul."

The Rev. Mr. Oliver has been conducting a revival campaign in Kansas for several weeks. He has done work as an evangelist in all parts of the country.

GIRL CAPTURES "RAFFLES;" WEDDING INVITATIONS OUT

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 12.—Back of the invitations which have just been issued for the marriage of Crawford Blair Orndorff, of Wauseon, Ohio, and Miss Ruth Robers, of Kendallville, Ind., lies a pretty little romance which has just come to light.

More than a year ago Mr. Orndorff was visiting friends at Kendallville. The county fair was in progress and a newspaper at Kendallville conceived the idea of adopting the "Mysterious Mr. Raffles" stunt as an advertising feature. "Mr. Raffles" was sent out to mingle with the crowds at the fair. A description of him was printed and a prize was offered to the first person who identified him among the multitudes which flocked to the fair.

On Thursday Mr. Orndorff was secured to impersonate the mysterious Mr. Raffles. He succeeded in escaping detection so cleverly that he was induced to again try it on the following day. The weather was slightly rainy on the final day, his description was more fully given and as the crowd was not so large, his chance of escape was smaller. A crowd of Kendallville young ladies, Miss Roberts among them, had been seeking "Mr. Raffles" all day Thursday without avail. They renewed the effort on Friday with even more determination.

"Mr. Raffles," in the person of the Wauseon young man, sighted the bevy of young ladies headed toward him. His head was fairly in a whirl and he was ready to throw up his hands when he heard Miss Roberts say:

"Here he comes girls; he's mine; I saw him first."

To be brief about it, Miss Roberts was the first person to connect up Orndorff with the mysterious "Mr. Raffles." She was awarded the prize offered by the newspaper. The young people were introduced by the business manager of the newspaper, and the merry crowd invaded a tin-type gallery, where the young folks had their pictures taken. Acquaintance proved agreeable; then ripened into love. Mr. Orndorff secured a position in Kendallville, refusing a place in New York and declining a trip across the Atlantic, in order that love's dream might be uninterrupted.

Pretty soon friends observed that "Ruth is wearing a diamond." Now comes the announcement of the marriage, which is to be celebrated November 24. Miss Roberts is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Roberts, who have a beautiful suburban home just east of Kendallville. Mr. Orndorff is firmly convinced that despite Miss Roberts' success in identifying him as "Mr. Raffles" on the Kendallville fair grounds, more than a year ago, he is in fact the real prize winner in the affair.

JUDGES ARE INDICTED

Grand Jury Finds Fraud in Chicago Election.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—A special grand jury empaneled to investigate charges of fraud in the primary election of August 8, has returned 38 indictments against fifteen judges and clerks of election and politicians. The charges include allegations of aiding and abetting illegal voting, perjury, illegal marking of ballots and falsifying of poll books.

The prominence of the men indicted does not, for the most part, extend beyond the limits of their respective wards, although J. Q. Chott, indicted for perjury, was formerly well known in this city as a police magistrate.

ATTACK GOLD HUNTERS

Reds Battle With American Expedition in Panama.

New York, Nov. 13.—Baron F. B. Von Teuber, who arrived yesterday on the steamer Magdelena from West Indian ports, told a thrilling story of a gold hunting expedition north of the canal zone in Panama which resulted in the death of three members of his party.

The baron, his brother and three mining engineers started with two Indian guides north from Colon through what proved to be country held by exceedingly hostile Indians. A midnight encounter resulted in the fatal shooting of the Indian guides.

Left thus in a strange, practically trackless country, they wandered helplessly. The three engineers were stricken with frightful fevers. The baron and his brother made for the coast with the sick men, encountering constant hardships.

John Bradley, one of the engineers, died in a boat they had hastily constructed, but Frederick Smith and Peter Bartlett were taken to the Ancon hospital, where they are slowly recovering.

JOHN D. TO TESTIFY

To Take Stand in the Government's Suit to Dissolve Standard Oil Company.

New York, Nov. 14.—John D. Rockefeller is expected to go on the witness stand when the hearing in the government's suit to dissolve the Standard Oil company is resumed next week, and tell the story of that gigantic corporation.

It is said that Mr. Rockefeller will be a willing witness and that for some time he has been desirious of clearing up certain matters concerning the company.

At the office of the Standard Oil company it was stated that the company will subpoena Mr. Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, the vice president of the Standard Oil company, and John A. Moffett, a director of the company, as witnesses for the company in the hearing now proceeding.

It is expected that Mr. Archbold and Mr. Moffett will follow Mr. Rockefeller on the witness stand.

BIG LIBERAL VICTORY

Practically Complete Returns From Cuba.

Havana, Nov. 16.—Practically complete returns of the election show that the Liberal victory was even more decisive than supposed.

Official returns from 1,360 of a total of 1,498 polling places show that General Jose Miguel Gomez received 183,823 votes, against 118,329 for General Mario Menocal, the Conservative candidate. The Liberals carried every province in the island. Havana province went Liberal by 25,000, and the city by 13,000.

The Liberal majorities in the other provinces were, approximately, as follows: Oriente, 13,500; Santa Clara, 11,000; Canaguey, 1,200; Pinar Del Rio, 7,500; Matanzas, 8,000.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline On Trial

Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble. Vitaline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY Lost Vitality, Nervous Weakness, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you—that's all you have to do to receive a dollar bottle of Vitaline tablets. We want nothing for them until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine. Pay us no money until you are satisfied and willing, and it's all left to your judgement and say-so, which we abide by—that's the understanding.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vita-Organs that generate the vital warmth and the nerve force which makes one rich strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and life. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so quickly and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act—Serial No. 3377—you have never had anything like them, combining their wonderful heal

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 1739

Dayton, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

194 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

3,000 HELD AS SLAVES

Attracted to Florida by Alluring Advertisements, Then Detained, Is Charged.

New York, Nov. 11.—What was asserted to be the practical marooning of 3,000 men in the wild regions of Florida and their detention there under hard labor for a period of several months was dealt with at length yesterday before Judge Hough and a jury in the United States circuit court, in the course of the trial of the government's case against employers and agents of the Florida East Coast Railway Co., for alleged violation of the state prohibiting "peonage, slavery and enforced servitude."

The men under indictment are Francisco Sabbia, Edward J. Triay, David E. Harley and Frank A. Hugg.

Terms It Slavery.

Deputy Attorney General Glenn E. Usted outlined the prosecution's case, contending that the treatment accorded the workmen supplied to the Florida East Coast Co. by the defendants was nothing short of slavery. The government would show, he declared, that in 1905 the men had been induced by alluring advertisements to apply for employment in the south.

Everything went well, the attorney said, until the men reached Jersey City, where they were put aboard a train, the doors locked and armed guards set over them to prevent escape.

Throughout the long journey they were given nothing but stale bread and bologna sausage, and when they reached the land end of their journey many rebelled and refused to leave the train, but a hose was turned on them and in this manner the entire consignment of human freight had been driven aboard a waiting steamer.

When the ultimate destination was reached, said Mr. Usted, the men had found that the paradise that had been promised them was a barren wilderness, overrun with venomous snakes, where no place to sleep had been provided for them.

Threatened With Death.

Their "high wages," the prosecutor declared, were slips of paper exchangeable at the company's store for shoes and clothing and food. The escape that many sought was impossible, as the region was entirely cut off from all means of communication with the outside world.

Thinking to be discharged some refused to work. These, Mr. Usted said, were threatened with death and brutally beaten. Finally some were able to smuggle letters through to relatives and in this manner the government had been apprised of the conditions existing.

BOMB HURTS CHILDREN

Philadelphia House Blown Up by Black Hand.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 13.—The boarding house of Ignatius Spira, Tenth and Bainbridge streets, in the Italian quarter, was wrecked by a bomb placed on the front door step early this morning by agents of the Black Hand. Gregoria Solando and his three children were severely hurt. The front of the house was blown in.

A few days ago Guisspe Rocco, living in the Spira house, was warned in a Black Hand letter to place $1,000 at a point indicated. An aunt, Ann Filippi, had just come to his home from Italy, supposedly bringing a good sum of money. She went to the boarding house, and it is supposed the persons who wrote the letter are responsible for the explosion.

GUNNESS DEATH PROVED

Prosecutor Smith Satisfied With Progress of the Lamphere Trial.

Laporte, Ind., Nov. 14.—When the trial of Ray Lamphere, charged with murdering Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three children, were resumed today, Dr. J. L. Gray, who yesterday testified in his opinion the cause of death of the adult female body found in the ruins was asphyxia was again on the stand. Prosecutor Smith was well satisfied with the progress made yesterday. He said:

"We have shown by the testimony of Coroner Mack, Sheriff Smutzer and Drs. Wilcox, Long and Gray, the two rings, introduced by us in evidence, were taken from the fingers of the adult female body found in the charred ruins of the Gunness home. Sheriff Smutzer swore they were similar to rings he had seen on the fingers of Mrs. Gunness during her life, but he will establish their ownership without question by the testimony of a jeweler and several neighbors of Mrs. Gunness. This we will follow up with the introduction of the dental work found in the ruins near the bodies, and by the testimony of Dr. I. P. Morton, we will prove that the bridged teeth had been made for Mrs. Gunness and fitted in her mouth."

Dr. Gray stated that he believed that in life the person had weighed 200 pounds. This was about the weight of Mrs. Gunness. He testified that a body which had gone through twelve hours of fire would shrink about two-thirds. He said the body of the woman after the fire weighed 73 pounds. Dr. Gray said the cause of the woman's death was asphyxia, caused by fire.

Dr. Gray testified that the clenched hand was a post mortem condition that frequently followed death by suffocation. The witness admitted that a similar condition of the body followed death due to strychnine poisoning.

FIND MAN IN ASYLUM

Former Chief U. S. Weather Bureau Disappeared Ten Years Ago.

New York, Nov. 13.—Mark W. Harrington, at one time chief of the United States weather bureau, and a well known scientific man, who disappeared from his home in Mount Vernon, N. J., nearly ten years ago, and for whom his wife and son had been seeking ever since, it was reported today, is an inmate in the New Jersey asylum for the insane at Morris Plains.

The man in the asylum believed to be Professor Harrington was found wandering about the streets of Trenton a year ago, and was unable to give his name or any details about himself, and as he carried no papers that would reveal his identity, he was sent to Morris Plains.

Revealed Identity.

Had it not been for the chance reading of an article in a western paper by his son, Thaxter Harrington, describing a patient in the asylum, the man's identity might never have been learned. The son's suspicions were aroused, and he communicated with his mother who now lives in this city. She visited Morris Plains and there it was said identified the inmate known as "John Doe No. 8," as her husband. He did not recognize her. Mrs. Harrington said that since the time her husband had left their home some ten years ago, she had heard from him twice, shortly after he left, one letter coming from Raleigh, N. C., and another postmarked Washington, D. C. He did not say in either letter why he left home or when he expected to return.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quickly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. Alfred E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

BLOWS FOR DEFENSE

Coroner's Verdict Admitted as Primary Evidence in the Lamphere Case.

Laporte, Ind., Nov. 13.—The defense in the case of Ray Lamphere, who is charged with the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three children, suffered its first defeat today when Judge Richter ruled that the report of the coroner's verdict was admissible as primary evidence.

Coroner Mack was the first witness on the stand today. He was quite uncertain about his answers at times. He testified to the finding of the bodies in the charred ruins of the Gunness house, and said that one was that of an adult female, the others those of children. Attorney Sutherland conducted the examination for the state.

Prosecutor's Address.

Prosecutor Smith's opening statement to the jury consumed an hour and in it he went much into detail as to what he would prove. He took occasion early to say: "Somebody has been murdered, but it is your duty, from the evidence, to determine if Ray Lamphere is the guilty man. The evidence will be largely circumstantial. There will be some evidence that is positive. The first element of our proof will show that Ray Lamphere set fire to the house. The second element of proof will be that by reason of that fire Belle Gunness and her three children were burned."

The prosecutor then gave the history of Mrs. Gunness told of her marriage to Philip Sorensen and his mysterious death in Chicago, told of her marriage to Peter S. Gunness and his mysterious death in Laporte and referred to the fact that afterward Mrs. Gunness must have engaged in the wholesale murder business, for after the fire ten bodies were found buried on her farm. The prosecutor then took up the acquaintanceship of Ray Lamphere and Mrs. Gunness, related the troubles which the two had had, and touched on the murder of Andrew Helgelein, of Aberdeen, S. D., who came to Laporte to marry Mrs. Gunness and from whom Mrs. Gunness secured $3,000 before she murdered him. Mr. Smith then said:

"Ray Lamphere received part of this money, and it was over this amount that Mrs. Gunness and Lamphere fell out."

Threats by Lamphere.

Mr. Smith said that evidence will show that Lamphere made remarks to various persons indicating his hatred for Mrs. Gunness and his intention to do her harm, including statements that he "knew how to get money from her."

Reviewing the story of the fire, the prosecutor said that by Lamphere's own statements it would be proved that he set the alarm clock at Mrs. Smith's house, where he spent the night, for 3 o'clock on the morning of April 29 and that 15 or 20 minutes later he left there. "We will also prove," continued the state's attorney, "by Lamphere's own statement, that he took the road going by the Gunness house and that he was on the spot when the fire broke out about 4 o'clock, and that he was the only person around at that time."

Mr. Smith then took up the question of the identity of the bodies. He said that the state would prove the bodies were those of Mrs. Gunness and her three children. The proof of the identity of Mrs. Gunness' body will be shown by the finding of Mrs. Gunness' rings on the fingers and the finding of the woman's dental work, as well as the testimony of the coroner and the physiciasn who conducted the autopsy.

It is apparent that there will be much contention over the identification of the adult body found in the ruins, the defense relying mainly upon testimony of Dr. Hains, of Chicago, to clear Lamphere, the defense contending that the finding of arsenic and strychnine in the stomachs of Mrs. Gunness and two of the children indicated that they could not have lost their lives by suffocation and fire.

KAISER PUZZLES THEM

Emperor's Attitude Much Discussed in Germany.

Berlin, Nov. 14.—Emperor William is still at Donaueschingen, as the hunting guest of Prince Von Fuerstenberg. He is due at Kiel Monday at noon to swear in a number of naval recruits, Chancellor Von Buelow will leave Berlin tomorrow and will be at Kiel to receive the emperor. The audience between the chancellor and his majesty, upon which hinges the future course of events has been arranged for the afternoon.

While the agreement of the chancellor with the position of the reichstag and the federated government is now clearly known, the emperor's attitude is greatly in doubt, and a subject of diversified prediction.

"RIDERS" DENOUNCED

Cotton Conventon at Memphis Thrown Into Disorder

Memphis, Nov. 12.—Fiery denunciation of "night riding" and equally fiery defense of the "night riders" threw the cotton convention itno disorder today and nearly terminated the day's session before the program had fairly begun. President Harvie Jordan finally succeeded in stilling the excitement.

TERRORIST IS WEALTHY

Chief Actress in Denver Melodrama Is Daughter of Millionaire.

Denver, Colo., Nov. 11.—Mrs. Allen Reed, who yesterday tried to extort by means of dynamite $20,000 from Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps, and when discovered tried to kill herself and three detectives with dynamite, was Miss Campbell, a daughter of a Springfield, Mass., millionaire woolen manufacturer, who died recently, leaving a large estate to his two daughters.

Mrs. Reed's income from her share is more than $12,000 a month. Her sister is Miss Jessie Campbell, said to be a teacher of languages in Vassar college.

Mind Wrecked by Drugs.

The police are convinced that Mrs. Reed is suffering from mental aberration from the use of drugs. Last evening the police turned her over to the care of her husband, who arrived from Buffalo, Park. Colo., as soon as he learned that his wife was in trouble. Mr. Reed suggested that perhaps he would place her in a private sanitarium.

Although Mrs. Reed displays better mental control, she is unable to explain her attempt to coerce rMs. Phipps into giving her a large sum of money, and cannot remember where she procured the dynamite with which she threatened the life of Mrs. Phipps and her daughter, Miss Helen Phipps.

Hypnotic Suggestion.

One theory is that Mrs. Reed, while on the way from Pittsfield, Mass., to Buffalo Park, Colo., where she was to join her husband at their country home, and while waiting in Denver between trains, conceived through hypnotic suggestion or narcotic hallucination, the melodramatic plan to extort money from Mrs. Phipps. It is evident she intended to go on to Buffalo Park at first, for all her trunks and baggage had been checked for that station.

HUNDREDS MAY DIE

Explosion of Fire Damp Causes an Awful Disaster in a Colliery in Germany.

Hamm, Westphalia, Germany, Nov. 12.—An explosion of fire damp in the Radbod mine this morning will result in very heavy loss of life. Already 35 bodies have been brought to the surface, and 300 men are still under ground in grave peril.

Four hundred men were working in the pit at the time of the disaster. About 70 of them have been brought to the surface. Of these a majority are more or less injured, and one has since died. One hundred and fifty men are in shaft No. 2, and it is believed that they are all doomed.

Rescuers arrived from all directions, and the work of getting below was at once organized. These efforts, however, were necessarily slow and attended with extreme difficulty. One of the shafts, together with its elevator cage, has been completely burned out. An improvised cage was sent down with a corps of rescuers who made heroic efforts to reach their comrades.

At 1 o'clock the fire had made such headway that the rescuers had to be called back to give way to the fire-fighters and the flames are still spreading.

The vicinity of the mine is surrounded by police and the public is not permitted to approach. Despairing scenes are being witnessed among the crowds of relatives who have gathered outside the police cordon.

DEATH TAKES M'KINNON

State Treasurer Dies at His Ashtabula Home.

Ashtabula, O., Nov. 17.—State Treasurer William S. McKinnon died here this morning after more than a year of suffering with liver and kidney trouble. He was 56 years old.

The fact that his conduct of his state office has been the subject of criticism since the last session of the legislature is believed to have hastened the end. He was brought home to Ashtabula last week, then known to be very near death.

He was surrounded by his family when the end came. The arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made.

GREEN MAY BE ELECTED

Official Count Reveals Big Error in Tabulating the Vote of Cuyahoga County.

Columbus, Nov. 17.—The result of the last election in regard to who has been elected state treasurer, is still in doubt, and by a change that was made in the returns of Cuyahoga county, the indications this morning are that Charles Green, the Republican candidate, has been elected by about 240, although it will require the official returns to determine this.

A telephone message was received from the board of elections at Cleveland last night in which the plurality of 3,663 for Creamer was wiped out and a plurality of 835 was given to Green. Bulletins are being issued twice a day at the office of the state secretary, where the official vote is being canvassed, but nothing definite can be given out.

Twelve counties are still out, and among these are Cuyahoga, Lucas, Hamilton, Franklin, Montgomery, and in fact every large county of the state.

D. S. Creamer, the Democratic candidate, cannot be located, having gone out on a week's hunting trip yesterday, but his friends are looking after his interests here. Chairman Finley still claims the election of Creamer by more than 5,000, but it will not be over 300, if he is elected at all.

The result is all the more important at this time because of the death of the state treasurer last night, as Governor Harris will be called upon to name a successor, and should Green be defeated he will not be appointed to the place, according to a story from the governor's office this morning. If he is elected, he will be appointed at once.

ABANDON HOPE FOR 360

Entombed Miners Are Being Walled Up in Effort to Check Spread of Flames.

Hamm, Westphalia, Germany, Nov. 13.—Rescue operations to reach the men entombed in the Radbod mine, where an explosion of firedamp occured yesterday morning, with a resultant great loss of life, have not yet been renewed. The authorities estimate that there are still 360 miners below the ground, but no hope is entertained that they can be saved.

Twenty-seven of the miners who were taken out severely injured are in hospitals. The shafts, pithead and galleries of the mines are being walled in an an endeavor to choke the fire.

Thirty more dead bodies were brought up from the shaft this morning.

The police still keep the public away from the immediate vicinity of the shaft head. The scenes witnessed are pitiful. The wives of the imprisoned miners are demanding why the authorities keep their husbands shut below ground, and several of the women have become insane and have been taken to an asylum.

There is danger of further explosions in the mine from extensive stores of dynamite at the bottom of the pit.

HEARST CALLS ON T. R.

Says He Paid President a Social Visit.

Washington, Nov. 17.—William R. Hearst was a caller at the White House last night. After his visit of about half an hour he said he had not discussed politics with the President, having merely paid a social call.

Discussing Senator Foraker's letter, in which the Ohio statesman defended his connection with the Standard Oil company, Mr. Hearst authorized the Associated Press to make the following statement:

"I have no desire to debate the matter of Senator Foraker's connection with the Standard Oil company. Mr. Foraker, however, begins his defense with a statement which is disingenuous, to say the least. He speaks of 'Mr. Hearst's charges,' as if the matter at issue were merely a question of my assertion.

"Now, I distinctly refrained from making any charges and even refrained almost entirely from comment. I produced the letters and laid them before the public, confident that the citizenship of the country could draw correct conclusions."

VICTORY FOR "DRYS"

Three Counties Voted Monday to Abolish a Total of 208 Saloons.

Columbus, Nov. 17.—Three Ohio counties voted dry yesterday in local option elections. Muskingum and Tuscarawas were carried by the temperance forces with majorities exceeding 1,000 and Hancock county by 1,976. The number of saloons closed in each county follows: Muskingum, 82; Tuscarawas, 92; Hancock, 34.

The hardest blow to the saloon interests came in Muskingum county, containing the city of Zanesville, with 30,000 people. In this county the "drys" carried on an adroit campaign. They kept the "wets" so busy in the city that they had little time to pay to the outside country districts. It was this game that won the day for the "drys." Zanesville went "wet" by more than 1,400, but the "drys" carried the county outside the city by 2,600, giving them a majority in the county of close to 1,200.

One of the surprises of the day was the vote in Tuscarawas. The "drys" carried the county by approximately 1,100. Their decisive and unexpected gains were in Ulrichsville and Denison. The township containing these so-called twin cities went "dry" by more than 700; Denison, by 200, New Philadelphia, where the saloon interests were not especially strong, went "wet" by 107.

The temperance forces had a field day in Hancock. The city of Findlay went "wet" by 113, but the county outside the city was overwhelmingly with the "drys" by a majority of more than 1,900.

A total of 1,291 saloons have now been put out of business under the Rose law since September 1. Along with the saloons this wipes out a revenue of $1,291,000, and makes immediate consideration of the taxation question more than ever imperative.

The saloons have now been voted out of forty-two counties by county local option. Five counties were "dry" under other temperance laws, making a total of forty-seven of the eighty-eight counties of the state to banish the saloon. Five counties have voted "wet" under the Rose law.

This makes good the prediction of the Anti-Saloon league that half of the state would be "dry" before Thanksgiving.

$700,000 BY FORGERY

Reputed Millionaire of Chicago Makes Startling Confession and Asks Punishment.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—Peter Van Vlissengen, a prominent real estate dealer, clubman, and for years reputed a millionaire, who was arrested, indicted and sentenced to prison last night, on his own confession of having obtained through forged paper more than $700,000, arose in his cell at the county jail this morning after a sleepless night.

Van Vlissengen's confession, one of the most remarkable in court annals, preceded by only a few hours his sentence by the court to an indeterminate term of from one to fourteen years in the penitentiary at Joliet.

Made Confession.

Ordered from the midst of his business shortly after the noon hour yesterday to appear at the state's attorney's office, the real estate dealer made a full confession of how for the last eighteen years or more he had thrived on the sale of forged trust deeds and notes. He said that more than twenty-five people would suffer loss from his machinations. Telling how, alone in his office, he manufactured from original and genuine notes worthless ones which could hardly be detected by experts, he described a unique forging scheme.

He had a plateglass desk top, he said, so arranged that placing an electric light beneath he could readily trace by a light thrown up through a hole, signatures from the originals onto the worthless paper.

"Give me my punishment at once—that's all I ask," declared Van Vlissengen when arraigned before Judge Windes. The commitment of the prisoner to the penitentiary followed in less than four hours after his arrest.

As soon as he arose today Van Vlissengen inquired eagerly of the jailer whether he would be taken to Joliet at once.

"I want to go immedately—the sooner this business is settled the better," said the prisoner, who showed visibly the nervous strain he had undergone.

Rudolph Brand, president of the United States Brewing company and director of the Chicago & Milwaukee Brewers' association, who have about $20,000 worth of the Van Vlissengen paper, said:

"I do not know how many other brewers are effected, but I presume my holdings are worthless. He did a large business with brewers."

Caused Downfall.

T. J. Leffens, who with William C. Seipp, held $4,500 of the worthless paper, brought the action which resulted in the real estate dealer's downfall, today said:

"I have known Van Vlissengen since he was a boy. I remember when 12 years old he came to this country from Holland and started as a messenger boy in a bank; when 17 years old he became teller and soon afterwards went into the real estate business for himself. Having regarded him as one of the shrewdest brokers in the west, I could hardly believe my own suspicions when last week I discovered peculiarities about mortgage notes I had purchased from him. Mr. Seipp also became suspicious. He learned that the papers were drafted on properties on which other people were holding original mortgage notes. We called Van to our office and told him what we had found. What was our surprise when he boldly confessed that the papers were forgeries. He begged us to return to his office Saturday and talk further.

Made Explanation.

"On Saturday he explained that for the last 18 years or more he had been forging notes and selling them. Most of the money for the last few years he declared had been used in paying interest on his earlier forgeries. He said it would amount to almost a million dollars and that about 25 people would suffer. Still we refused to believe him until he took us to his office and displayed the table especially constructed for his work.

"'I have figured out,' he said, 'that there are three ways open to me—flight, suicide or the penitentiary. I have chosen the last and I am ready to go with you Monday to the state attorney's office, surrender myself and go to jail. I don't want to be dragged through the streets by a policeman. I want to go alone.'

"We agreed to wait until Monday. We asked him how many duplicates he had made of original mortgage notes and he replied 'only one or two, and in some instances two or three.'"

Van Vlissengen's offices are said to have cost him about $40,000 annually.

"He has been spending money lavishly," declared George Birkhoff, Jr., consul for the Netherlands. "He won the confidence of the Dutch residents of the city and I am afraid they will be among the heavy losers."

BEAUTIFUL BUST

50c Package Free to Any Woman Who Lacks Full Development.

The great physical charm of woman is a firm, full, well-developed bosom and nothing is so humiliating and makes her so self-conscious as a thin, flat, undeveloped figure.

One of the leading women physicians in New York State, trying to overcome the defects of her own figure, fortunately found a new principle, or rather a happy combination of tissue-building elements, that increased her bust some four inches, made her arms round and shapely, and her neck and shoulders plump and symmetrical. This prescription was a real discovery, on far different lines from the ordinary figure-developing treatment, and this explains its great success.

Dr. Catherine Kelly not only gained a beautiful form by her own prescription, but used it successfully with many of her patients. To show you why Dr. Kelly's Form Developer succeeds where the ordinary treatment fails, we want to send you a 50-cent package free of charge, feeling sure that it will prove that the Developer does all that is claimed for it. Women, this is a personal message from a physician of your own sex, and all we ask is the opportunity to show you without any expense on your part, that her Developer will give you a perfect figure, beautiful complexion, and improve the general health.

Send the little coupon above and 10c for mailing expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain sealed Package. Write us today, DR. KELLY MEDICAL CO., No. 44-A, Exchange Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

COUPON FREE
50c Treatment DR. KELLY'S FORM DEVELOPER 44A

CLEWS FAVORS REVISION

Would Lower Rates to Afford Protection to Manufacturers.

Indianapolis, Nov. 12.—Before the Indiana Bankers' association yesterday, Henry Clews, the New York banker, declared in favor of tariff revision. The gist of his argument was that a judicious lowering of the tariff to one of only moderate protection, would give American manufacturers cheaper foreign raw materials and so enable them to sell their products at home and abroad lower than they can now, as they could then compete in South Africa and the orient, with England, Germany and other European countries, whose labor is comparatively much cheaper than in America.

After paying a tribute to the qualities of President-elect Taft, and predicting a successful administration, Mr. Clews said: "With the election a thing of the past, the way is now open for a resumption of that forward march in the nation's great industries and other business activities which was interrupted by the panic of 1907; and doubtless we shall soon make up for lost time.

"Everything has its uses, and one good result of the panic of 1907 was the elimination of what may be called wildcat banking from the City of New York; and we may rest assured it will never be seen there again. Promoters who secured control of a chain of banks by buying their stock in the open market, and used their funds to buy the stocks of more banks and for their own speculative purposes in the stock market, have recently had their astounding methods and practices exposed in court. Apart from other influences, I have no doubt that the New York clearing house will make such abuses of banking power, with their dummy loans and overdrafts, impossible in the future. There will be no more building of such castles in the air."

Mr. Clews referred to the political agitation for federal guarantee of national bank deposits and stated objections to such a plan. He declared it paternalistic and said it would lead to corruption and disorganization of sound banking methods. Continuing, he said:

Pending Issues.

"This is an eventful period in our country's history, and the pending financial and commercial issues that congress will have to determine are of the first importance. The foremost of these issues is the readjustment and lowering of the tariff on imported raw materials and manufactured merchandise, and next in importance is the readjustment of our monetary system, a task which is now in the hands of the congressional, or strictly speaking, the national monetary commission, composed in equal numbers of members of the senate and the house of representatives.

"The main object of this commission is such currency reform as will give the country a scientific bank currency well secured and automatically responsive to all its needs at all seasons,—a currency as nearly perfect as possible in supplying all the wants of trade, a currency elastic enough to expand and contract according to the ebb and flow of the demand for it. This, among other changes, should ultimately involve a gradual change from our bond secured national bank notes to the system based on reserves of specie and bank assets by which circulation is secured in European countries, a system which has borne the test of time and proved sound after long experience."

Tariff Reduction.

With reference to the tariff, Mr. Clews said:

"Radical reductions would be disturbing to trade and should be carefully avoided. There is safety in making haste slowly. Let us preserve the middle course—the golden mean. The effect of a judicious lowering of the tariff to one of only moderate protection, would be to give our manufacturers cheaper foreign raw materials, and so enable them to sell their manufactures at lower prices than they can now, both at home and abroad. Thus our export trade to the Orient and South America would be stimulated by our being enabled to compete there with England, Germany and other European countries where labor is comparatively much cheaper than here."

Faith in Future.

While these so-called "big men" of Wall street confidently expect to reap their harvest by selling their load of stocks at high prices, it is noticeable that this faith in higher prices is now extending to both raw commodities and manufactured articles. The general disposition that has prevailed hitherto, since the panic, to restrict or defer, purchases is giving way to an inclination to order fresh supplies immediately, so as to guard against a possible sudden advance in prices.

What little drain of money to the West and South that there was from New York is about over, and very soon the West will be sending currency to the East again, and swelling New York's huge bank deposits.

So, taken altogether, the situation has very materially improved and is still improving; and it will continue to improve till business of all kinds is again entirely normal, and for that we shall not have long to wait. After clouds come sunshine, and the trade barometer is rising slowly but steadily all over the country.

This slowness and steadiness in the recovery ensure its permanence, for undue haste would expose us to the danger of a setback. All is, therefore, going well as it is, and we should be more than satisfied with the progress we are making in all directions.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Nov. 17.—Wheat at the outset today evinced a steady tone, what weakness developing apparently coming from lower prices at Liverpool. The weather map showed no rain in the winter wheat belt. On the whole the undertone was inclined to be bearish, but in the local market prices swung upward rather sharply in the first hour. Liverpool opened ⅝d to ½d lower, although towards the middle of the day the market took on a firmer aspect and was quoted ⅛d higher to ⅛d lower. Receipts at Chicago and in the northwest were rather liberal. Toledo cash and December opened unchanged at $1.05⅛ and $1.05⅝ respectively. In the first half hour, cash gained ½c and December ⅜c. May dropped ⅛c at the start, opening at $1.08¾ and advancing to $1.09¼ at 10 a. m. Losing ⅝c in opening at $1.03, July shot up to $1.03¾ early in the forenoon.

Heavy buying by longs at about 1 p. m. caught the crowd short at Chicago, the market responding promptly. Another bullish influence was the development of export business. Liverpool closed unchanged to ¼c off. Toledo closed: Cash 1¼c up at $1.06¾, December 1⅜c up at $1.07, May 1⅝c up at $1.10½, July 1¼c up at $1.04⅞. The decrease in the world's available supply was less than last year's decline. The price of wheat at the close was the highest since the big advance about a year ago.

Sentiment in corn was bullish, expectations of heavier receipts having an effect on the market. At the opening, Liverpool was ¼d lower. December opened ⅜c lower at 62½c, May ¼c off at 63½c and May ¼c off at 63½c. With the exception of a gain of ¼c in July, the market was steady up till the noon hour.

Corn finals were: Cash 62½c, December 63c, May 63⅞c, July 64⅛c. Liverpool closed ⅜d up to ⅛d lower.

Oats was ¼c higher in December and ⅛c advanced in the far futures. No changes were recorded in the initial hour, December opened at 50¾c, May at 52¼c and July at 47⅛c.

Oats closes were: Cash 50¼c, December 50¾c, May 52½c, July 47⅜c.

Clover seed shipments continued to run ahead of the receipts, 200 bags coming in against 350 sent out. Last year 250 bags were received on the corresponding day compared with no shipments. Nov. opened 2½c higher at $5.52½, December 7½c up at $5.60 and March 10c higher at $5.65.

Clover seed finished: Cash $5.52½, December $5.55, March $5.67½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Nov.17.	Close Nov.16.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.06¾	....	....	1.06¾	1.05¾
Dec.	1.05⅝	....	....	1.05⅝	1.04¼
May	1.08⅜	....	....	1.10½	1.08⅞
July	1.03	....	....	1.04⅞	1.03⅜
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62½	62¼
Dec.	62½	....	....	63	62⅞
May	63½	....	....	63¾	63¾
July	63½	....	....	64⅛	63¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50½	50¼
Dec.	50¾	50⅞	....	50¾	50¼
May	52¼	52⅝	....	52¼	52⅛
July	47⅛	....	....	47⅜	47
Clover seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.52½	5.50
Nov.	5.50	....	....	5.52½	5.52½
Dec.	5.52½	....	....	5.55	5.55
March	5.65	....	....	5.67	5.67½
No. 2	....	....	....	5.35	5.32½
No. 3	....	....	....	5.25	5.27½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.10	5.05
N. E. G.	....	....	....	4.75	4.80
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78½	78½
No. 2	....	....	....	78	78
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.70	1.70
Alsike—					
Prime	8.80	....	....	8.80	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.02⅝	1.04	1.02⅜	1.03⅞	1.02⅝
May	1.07⅛	....	1.06⅞	1.08⅞	1.07
July	1.01¼	....	1.01	1.02¾	1.01¼
Corn—					
Dec.	62¾	....	62¼	62⅝	62⅝
May	62⅝	....	62¼	62⅝	62½
July	61⅝	....	61⅜	62⅛	61⅞
Oats—					
Dec.	48⅝	....	....	49⅜	48⅝
May	50⅝	....	....	51¼	50⅝
July	....	....	....	46⅝	46¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.12⅝	....	....	1.14¼	1.12⅝
May	1.14	....	....	1.15⅝	1.14
Corn—					
Dec.	72	....	....	72	72¼
May	70⅞	....	70⅝	70⅞	70⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.02⅜	....	....	1.04¼	1.02⅜
May	1.07⅛	....	....	1.08⅝	1.07⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Dec	....	....	....	14.50	14.45
Jan	16.00	....	....	16.17	16.02
May	16.05	....	....	16.32	16.12
Lard—					
Dec	9.30	....	....	9.30	9.20
Jan	9.12	....	9.10	9.27	9.15
May	9.25	....	....	9.24	9.27
Ribs—					
Jan	8.37	....	....	8.50	8.40
May	8.52	....	....	8.67	8.55

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. 17.—The hog market opened slow at 5c to 10c off. Receipts were only fair today, but they show declines at other markets which were used as arguments by buyers who obtained concessions of 5c to 10c from yesterday's average.

Cattle transactions were slow and some lower than yesterday. Sheep and lambs were weak today with calves steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.80@5.85; mediums, $5.75@5.80; Yorkers, $5.35@5.50; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.20@5.25; good pigs, $4.40@4.65; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.25; mixed, $5.50@5.70; bulk of sales, $5.60@5.70.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50@5.00; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain light steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50@4.00; fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, $2.50@3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and springers, $25.00@50.00; choice butcher bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.25.

Sheep and lambs—Wethers, $3.00@3.50; mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; best lambs, $5.40@5.50; ewes, $2.25@2.75.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.50@7.00; common, $4.00@6.00; heavy and pail fed, $2.50@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—Cattle—Receipts about 7,000; market weak to 10c lower; beeves, $3.25@7.40; Texans, $3.40@4.40; westerns, $3.15@5.80; stockers and feeders, $2.50@4